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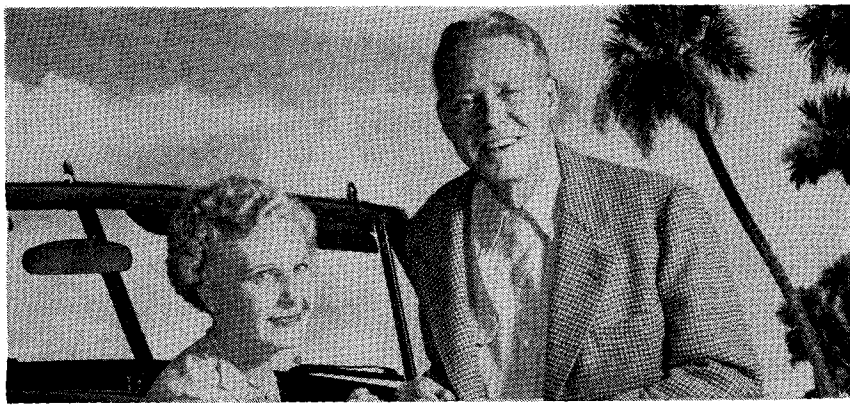

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THE MONTH'S BEST...

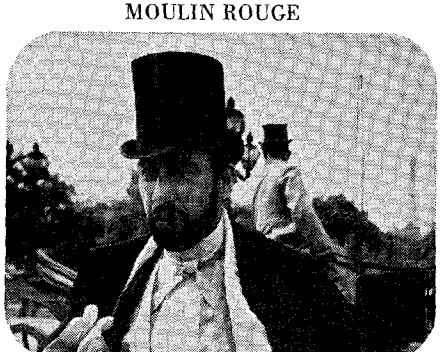
Pascal directs *Androcles*

GABRIEL PASCAL had been a producer for almost 20 years when, with the same audacity that had characterized his movie-making, he embarked on a quest from which many a screen impresario had already returned empty-handed. He went to see George Bernard Shaw. His mission: to win permission to film Shaw's plays. Pascal talked and the suspicious Shaw listened, and when the meeting was over, the ebullient Hungarian had carried the day. *Pygmalion*, the first Shaw play to become a movie, was such a hit that the playwright wrote, "My dear Pascal, take care of yourself. My cinema future is in your hands." *Major Barbara*, *Caesar and Cleopatra* and now, *Androcles and the Lion*, followed, with more Pascalized Shaw in the offing. As Coronet's guest reviewer, Pascal chooses as the month's best:

THE JAZZ SINGER

Twenty-five years after their first *Jazz Singer* ushered in sound films, Warners has come up with a modern version that may be a bigger hit than the original. Danny Thomas plays the part that glorified Al Jolson. With Peggy Lee, grand music and a heartwarming story, this is a movie for everyone.

MOULIN ROUGE



The tragedy of Toulouse-Lautrec and the Paris he immortalized on canvas has been brought to the screen at last. Directed by John Huston and starring José Ferrer, United Artists' story of the cruelly misshapen artist and the women who tortured and tormented him is one of the epic movie events of 1953.

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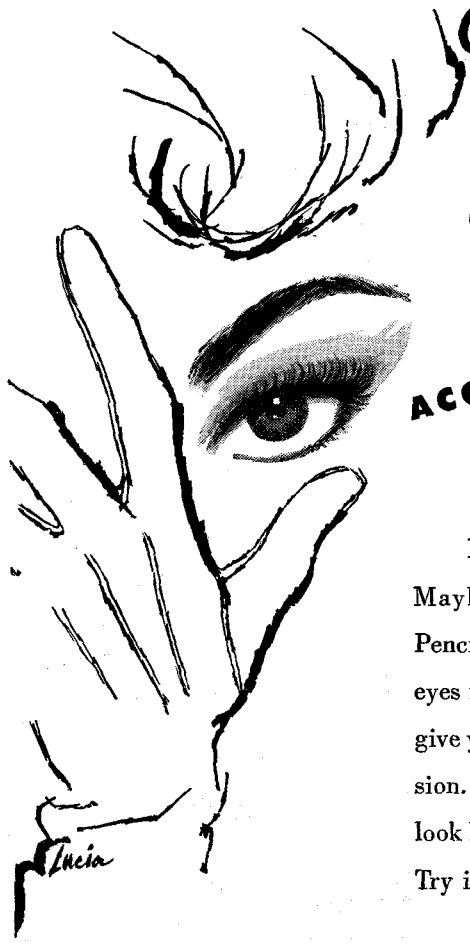

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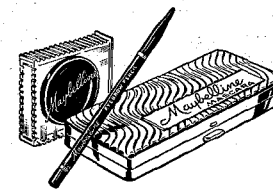

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THE MUSIC MAKERS

THE MUSIC PLAYS RUDI

BY THE time you read this, you *might* be able to go out and hear a spectacular new recording of Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata, reputed to be the most man-killing piano workout Beethoven ever put on paper. Then again, you might not. It all depends on the whim of a big-handed Vermont farmer named Rudolf Serkin, who happens also to be one of the great (and for some critics' money the greatest) pianists of our day. As this is written, the Columbia Records people are hovering prayerfully over four separate performances on tape of the *Waldstein*, all by Mr. Serkin, and any one of them capable of making a pianist's reputation overnight. While they hover, Mr. Serkin gazes thoughtfully into the fireplace of his Vermont kitchen, trying to decide which of the four—if any—meets the fanatical standards he sets for himself. If he should decide "*No!*" (the italics would be his), then the men of Columbia will sit down with quiet good grace and start eating four very good reels of tape. If the decision is "Yes," you should start running now to your friendly record dealer and fetch yourself a copy. It's a dilly.

In private life, Mr. Serkin is a shy, mild, compliant man with the bulky gentleness of a sheep dog. He

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turns into a lion only when somebody suggests that he go easy on himself. His ferocious perfectionism is at least partly the result of paternal example. As a boy in Vienna, Rudi began his musical education under the guidance of his father, a man of keen musical intelligence and vast patience. By the time Rudi was eight, he was already so good that the prodigy scouts were writing his name in their little black books. At the close of his first public concert, given at the age of twelve, the musical agents burst into his dressing room with foam-flecked lips, bearing contracts and folding money in their hands. The elder Serkin pushed them out into the street and took Rudi home. The boy was thus spared the ordeal of becoming a prodigy, and was able to ripen his talents in his own good time. The attitude that he is never quite good enough has stuck with him, even though he has a trunk full of reviews to assure him that nobody could possibly be better. A few years ago, Serkin was asked by a music magazine for a word of advice to aspiring pianists. His reply is considered a gem of self-revelation by collectors of pure Serkin. "The student must build up a reserve fund of *more* volume and *more* speed than he actually needs . . . To be able to play just what one needs and nothing more is *disastrous*." ("Such a disaster," commented one Juilliard student, "should happen to *me*.")

SERKIN'S divine discontent shows up, in a way which audiences find tremendously moving, when he sits down to perform. He doesn't merely play the music on the piano; he also acts it out with his body, and at times he breaks into a hoarse, muted chant, as if only the human voice could express the weight of emotion driving him. "Rudi doesn't play the music," says a friend who has given a lot of thought to this phenomenon. "The music plays Rudi."

The process by which the "possessed" quality of a true Serkin performance is caught on records is one for which Columbia can claim only partial credit. It begins by Serkin thinking up a plausible but not necessarily true reason why he can't come to the studio—the real reason being that he doesn't like studios. The Columbia sound crew then piles into a truck and goes to Vermont. There, in an old barn owned by a neighbor of Serkin's, the equipment is set up, a gleaming Steinway is unveiled, and Serkin wanders in, wearing a pair of mail-order jeans. The smell of hay is everywhere, an occasional cow looks in, there is all the time in the world, and the soundmen from New York chew straws and wonder if they haven't misspent their lives up to now. Eventually, the music moves in and plays Rudi.

We think you'll be able to sense all that in the *Waldstein* Sonata—*if*. Anyway, if you can't get the *Waldstein*, there are 17 others you can get, and Mr. Serkin says all of those *are* good enough.

These Are My Latest
by Rudolf Serkin

Beethoven—Sonata No. 21 in C Major ("Waldstein") [?]
Beethoven—Sonata No. 14 in C-Sharp Minor ("Moonlight")
Beethoven—Sonata No. 30 in E Major
Mozart—Concerto No. 22 in E-Flat Major
Pablo Casals, Conducting

Rudolf Serkin records *exclusively* for Columbia Records, originator of "Lp," the modern long playing record.

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TRAVEL

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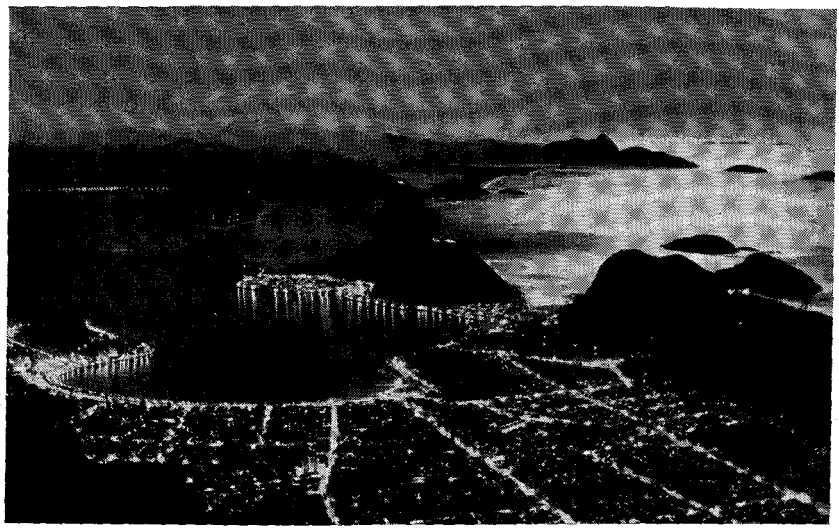

RIO DE JANEIRO: In a riot of color and masked mummery, *Cariocas* samba and shake their tambourines in every street, within the shadow of Brazil's famed Sugar Loaf. Lights twinkle far into the night and the enchantment of *carnaval* is everywhere.

RIVIERA: The beauty of sea, sand and sky highlights February's Mediterranean pageant. Climax: a Naval War of Flowers.

NEW ORLEANS: Mardi Gras is a jambalaya of floats and fantasia, and the historic old city engulfs you in glorious spectacle.

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The NEW 195

1000 CASH PRIZES $325,000.00 MUST BE WON

Why This Contest Is So Wonderfully Entertaining

THE cleverness, fun and stimulation in the puzzles and quizzes are no accident.—They are the creation of the Editors of a world-famous encyclopedia—The New Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia—the world's greatest for home and family use. It was largely out of the pages of this encyclopedia that this marvelous contest was built, and the sponsors of this contest, Unicorn Press, Inc., will spend over ONE MILLION DOLLARS in advertising in the newspapers and magazines of the nation to dramatize and publicize the contest and the encyclopedia. This advertising expenditure is IN ADDITION to the prize fund of $325,000.00!

Note the Sample Puzzle —and How You Solve It

You can get an idea of the general nature of the puzzles, and the fun in store for you in solving and constructing them, by examining the SAMPLE Rebus Puzzle at the right. Read the text **above** the puzzle. Then read the EXPLANATION **below** the puzzle.

Naturally, there is only one correct answer for any puzzle or quiz presented for solution or answer in this contest, and a specified point value is credited to the contestant for each correct solution and answer. The points earned on the puzzles and quizzes you solve, plus the points earned on any puzzles you construct, comprise your total point score. All of this is fully explained in the information you will receive as a result of mailing the Coupon. The highest total point scores determine the winners. Thus, the winning of a prize is not left to guess work, luck or the whim of judges.

Mail Coupon for Details!

Much vital information about the Contest has been omitted because of lack of space but you can get the COMPLETE DETAILS, without obligation, by mailing the coupon on the next page. Give yourself the opportunity to win $150,000, $50,000, $25,000 or any one of 1,000 cash prizes! MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

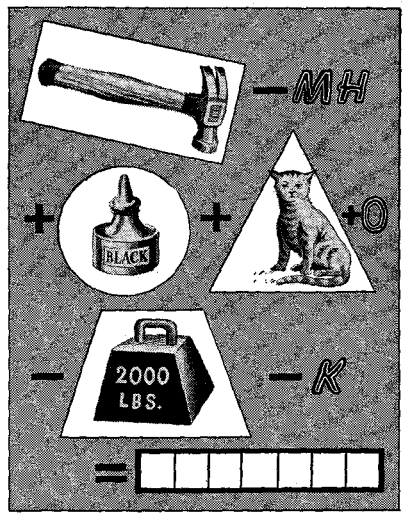
It's FUN To Solve REBUS PUZZLES

At first glance, a Rebus Puzzle seems to be a jumble of unrelated things, pictorial and otherwise. BUT—there is a *meaning* to a Rebus Puzzle, and the meaning (or solution) can be discovered by skill and ingenuity.

For instance, look at the SAMPLE Rebus Puzzle printed below. This *sample*, although simpler, is along the general lines of the puzzles that are involved in this contest.

Below this *sample* puzzle, read the explanation of how you discover the solution of this puzzle.

CLUE: The solution to this puzzle is the name of a patriotic hymn composed in 1832 by a clergyman.



EXPLANATION

Each puzzle you are called upon to *solve* has a CLUE which enables you to prove the correctness of the solution.

Note that there are a number of pictures in the puzzle, also some letters of the alphabet and also some plus and minus signs. Note also the diagram in the lower right corner of the puzzle. There are seven spaces in the diagram, and this means that the solution will be a word containing seven letters. NOW, LET'S SOLVE THE PUZZLE.

Write down HAMMER. *Subtract* MH, leaving you with AMER. *Add* INK, giving you AMERINK. *Add* CAT, giving you AMERINCAT. *Add* O, giving you AMERINKCATO. *Subtract* TON, leaving you with AMERIKCA. *Subtract* K, leaving you with AMERICA, the correct solution of the puzzle. Note that the *clue* above the puzzle proves that your solution is correct.

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6th Prize	$3,500.00
7th Prize	$3,000.00
8th Prize	$2,000.00
9th Prize	$2,000.00
10th Prize	$2,000.00
11th through 100th Prizes, each $250	$22,500.00
101st through 200th Prizes, each $100	$10,000.00
201st through 1000th Prizes, each $50	$40,000.00
Total Prizes	**$325,000.00**

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Mail Coupon for Complete Details!

Big as the prizes are—the prizes are ONLY PART OF THE APPEAL OF THE PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST, because here is the contest designed to **challenge** your ingenuity, **intrigue** your imagination, **enhance** your knack at solving puzzles and your ability in constructing them, and **delight** and **fascinate** you throughout.

Now, look at the SAMPLE Puzzle at the left and read how you solve it. Remember, the small size of this page does not permit us to give you all the essential information you will want to have before you enter the contest. But you can get the COMPLETE details, without obligation, by filling in and mailing the coupon. Do it right now—while you are thinking about it. Mail Coupon to: The 1953 Puzzle-Quiz Contest, Box 444, Brooklyn 1, New York.

THE 1953 PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST,
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Brooklyn 1, New York.

Please send me at once COMPLETE DETAILS, including Official Rules and Entry Form, so I can decide if I want to enter the contest.

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ADDRESS

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RECORDS

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Mozart, Wagner and Verdi are the giants in operatic art. Columbia offers in a new recording the Metropolitan's performance of *Cosi Fan Tutti* (Women Are Like That) which, with Eleanor Steber and Richard Tucker outstanding in an outstanding cast, sparkles with Mozart's musical wit (SL 122). RCA Victor (LCT 6001) reissues *The Marriage of Figaro* in the now classic performance of the English Glyndebourne Mozart Opera Festivals. Richard Wagner's complete *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (The Mastersingers of Nuremberg) is available on six records (London, LLPA 9) in the Vienna State Opera's presentation. Toscanini's celebrated broadcast re-creation of Verdi's *La Traviata* appears on RCA Victor's LM 6003. *Il Trovatore*, featuring Zinka Milanov's brilliant singing and containing some remarkable feats by the Robert Shaw Chorale, is on the same company's LM 6008.

There are rich offerings of the operas whose tuneful melodramatics have made them favorites of the American public. Puccini's *La Boheme*, the tearful love story of sentimental Mimi and her poet-friend Rudolph, is available in the Metropolitan version with Bidũ Sayão and Richard Tucker (Columbia SL 101). *Carmen* is presented by London (LLPA 6) in a performance rich with the tradition of the Paris Opera Comique where Bizet's masterpiece was first heard in 1875. Puccini's *Tosca* unfolds its dramatic situations and characters in Westminster's WAL 302, and the lyricisms of the same composer's tragic *Madame Butterfly* are beautifully sung by Italian artists in London's album, LLPA 8. Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffman*, the bizarre story of the romantic Hoffman's three loves, is recorded in a French version by Columbia (SL 106).

Modern opera begins with Richard Strauss. The highlights of his *Der Rosenkavalier* are recorded on one disc (Decca DL 9606). Another milestone in the development of modern opera, the original Berlin version of Kurt Weill's *Die Dreigroschenoper* (The Three-Penny Opera), based on John Gay's 18th century *Beggar's Opera*, is available from Capitol (P-8117).

Of modern operas by American composers, George Gershwin's touching story of Porgy, the crippled Negro beggar, his woman Bess, and their friends of Catfish Row, is a must for every record lover's collection (*Porgy and Bess*, Columbia SL 162). Two outstanding successes of Gian-Carlo Menotti are now ready for home-listening: *The Medium*, his short opera of supernatural terror (Capitol SL 154, together with the humorous *The Telephone*), and *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, a lovely Christmas fairy tale made into a warm-hearted one-act opera (RCA Victor LM 1701).

—FRED BERGER

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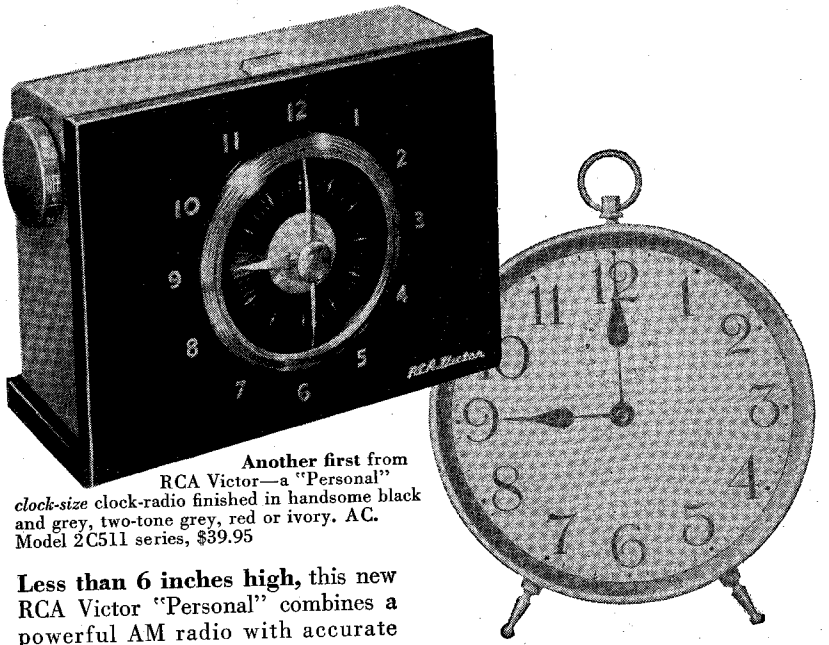

Another first from RCA Victor—a "Personal" *clock-size* clock-radio finished in handsome black and grey, two-tone grey, red or ivory. AC. Model 2C511 series, $39.95

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- *just set the clock* for the radio program you want and you'll be tuned in on the show—*automatically!*
- *reminds you of appointments*—and it fits compactly on a desktop in only ⅔ the space required for a telephone!
- *raised clock dial* has gold-color numerals . . . red sweep second hand for good timing, good visibility.
- *and the tone is tops!* Automatic volume control to eliminate fading and blasting, powerful RCA Victor preferred-type tubes with long-lasting life, and sensitive speaker—*all* act to give you *only the clearest in sound.*

Price shown is suggested list price, subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South.

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WINTRY WARMTH

DID YOU KNOW that your body is equipped to handle low temperatures—if you give it a little sensible help? In my long experience as a family doctor, I have been amazed at the way people ignore this basic fact.

To help nature do its job of keeping you comfortable, remember that your body is like a furnace. You stoke it with food to produce heat, and your main objective is to prevent that heat from disappearing into thin, cold air. In other words, clothes don't *make* you warm—they just *keep* you warm by preventing body heat from escaping.

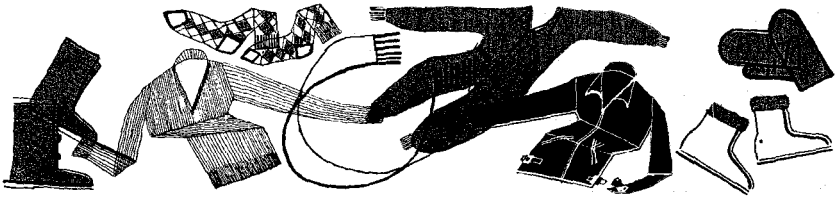
In Winter, men can keep warm by wearing a sweater under a jacket, then a fairly lightweight coat. The clothing layers are not bulky, can be shed if the weather changes, and successfully keep body heat where it can do the most good. Women can do the same with fur coats—fur-lined wool ones: If children play outdoors in the snow, be sure their snow-suits are water-repellent. They needn't be too heavy—particularly if the youngsters wear slacks and light sweaters underneath. These provide the layered effect, and the outer covering prevents moisture and wind from cooling the body.

Don't try to keep feet too warm, though. Even in a warm room, your feet are normally about five degrees cooler than your body. Wet feet, however, can be dangerously cold when the temperature outside is as high as ' degrees. The evaporating moisture tak away heat, and may cause chilblai and frostbite.

For constant outdoors exposure, m can wear waterproof overshoes whi do an insulating job far up the leg. F ordinary wear, lighter-weight rubbe or galoshes will do—so will wate proofed shoes which need no extra co ering. Women can stay stylish—and b prepared for bad weather all the tim —with a pair of easy-to-fold-and-carr boots. They provide an extra protectiv layer without looking clumsy. Fo watching winter sports, I advise fleece lined boots. They keep feet warm with out exercise.

One of the best ways to keep warm is to exercise. If you have to stand stil outdoors in cold weather, wiggle you toes, flap your arms and do some un obtrusive foot-stamping—all this increases circulation. And don't sit with legs crossed—this will keep blood from getting to your feet, and make them icier than ever.

Winter sports are fine, too, if you don't get overheated. Have you noticed that skiers usually wear a lightweight, wind- and moisture-proof jacket as their chief protection against bitter weather? They have learned the basic lesson that all the body needs is a little understanding help—and it will keep itself comfortable. —DR. J. J. RANDEY



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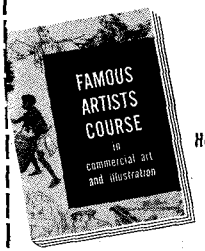

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Hiring That Baby Sitter

WHEN YOU CALL in someone else to take your place at home, you naturally want your children to have the best possible care. A few sound precautions can assure you of a pleasant outing with a minimum of worry.

Your first important step comes when you actually *choose* your baby sitter. Never leave a small baby with a child. Instead, call in a mature woman. Later, when the children are older, you may choose a teen-ager for a sitter. Because she is closer in age to the children, she will play with them and enter into the spirit of their games more readily than an adult.

Good health is another "must" for the baby sitter. If she arrives sneezing and with handkerchief in hand, tactfully send her home. It may mean canceling your plans, but it will avoid exposing your children to illness.

Invite the sitter over for a few minutes the day before, so the children will get to know her. Then they will welcome her as a friend instead of resenting a sudden intrusion by a newcomer. For extra-long sittings, you might even provide a new book or game to make the time pass easily.

Tell your sitter what your children are really like. If they don't always behave like angels, be frank. Prepare her to deal with any special behavior problems which may arise.

It's important, too, to settle the time you are leaving and the number of hours you will be gone. If your sitter has to go to school or to work the next day, make it a point to come home on time. In case of delay, call her.

Always remember to leave the number of your destination next to the telephone. Your sitter may need to get in touch with you. If you cannot be reached, leave the number of a neighbor or relative who can take responsibility for emergency decisions which may have to be made. Add to the list the numbers of the children's doctor, the police and fire departments. In case of illness or accident, your sitter will be able to call quickly for help.

At the same time, show your sitter the layout of your house, giving special attention to equipment she will need. Warn her about any strange noises which might alarm her. If your oil burner goes on with a loud hum or radiators clatter, tell her to expect that.

A little extra thought on your part can make the evening a pleasant one for your sitter. Always see that she has a good light next to a comfortable chair and something to read. Show her where your radio or TV set is and how to regulate it to keep the volume low, so it won't disturb the children. You can provide a welcome break by leaving a snack of milk and cookies or fruit.

Going over this routine will take you only a few minutes, but it will pay large dividends in your children's comfort and your own peace of mind.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS daytime radio drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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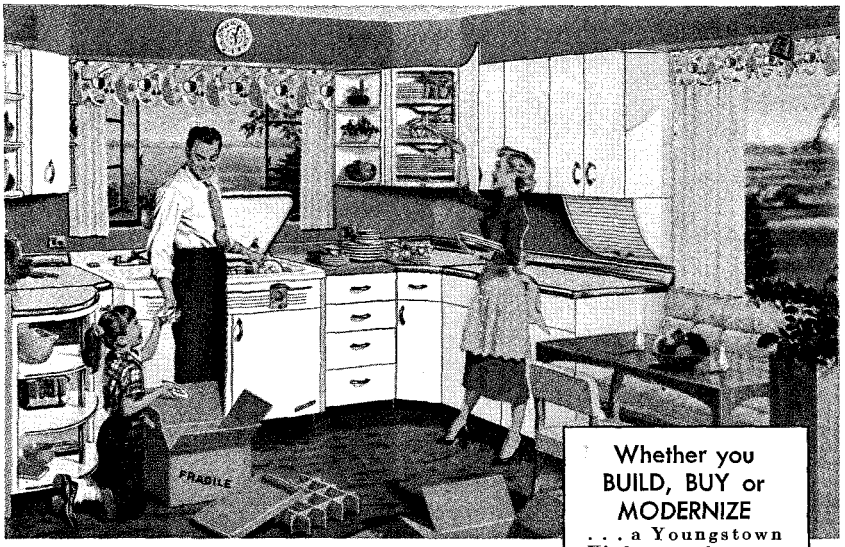

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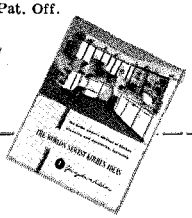

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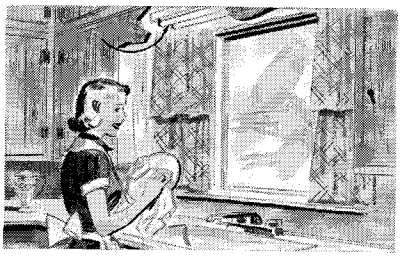
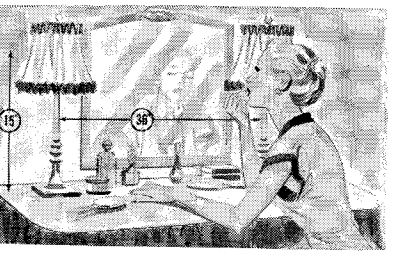
LIGHTING UP THE HOME

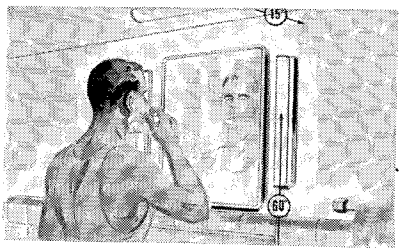
Although 40,000,000 American homes are wired for electricity, most homeowners are puzzled by the question, what is good lighting? The answer is in the room-by-room rules below. The result: graceful living, no eyestrain.



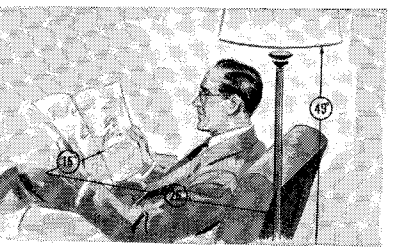
KITCHEN WORK AREA: Two 25-watt fluorescent bulbs or a 75-watt floodlight.



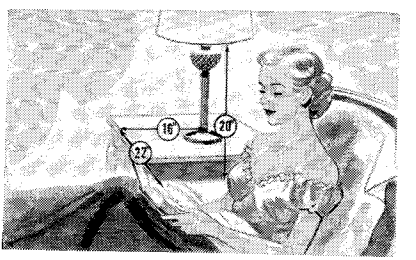
DRESSING TABLE: On either side of the mirror, two 100-watt bulbs at eye level.



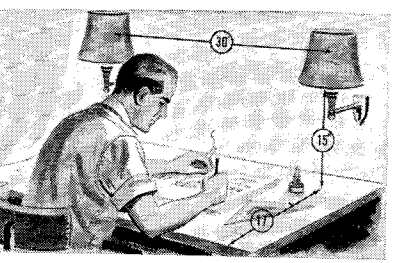
BATHROOM: Fluorescents are best. Two 40 watts on ceiling, two 20's at mirror.



EASY CHAIR READING: Use 150-watt bulb and keep it 49 inches off the floor.



BED READING: Bedside table lights should be about 26-28 inches high, 150 watts.



DESK LIGHT: Keep lamp 15 inches over desk, use glare softener, 150-180 watts.

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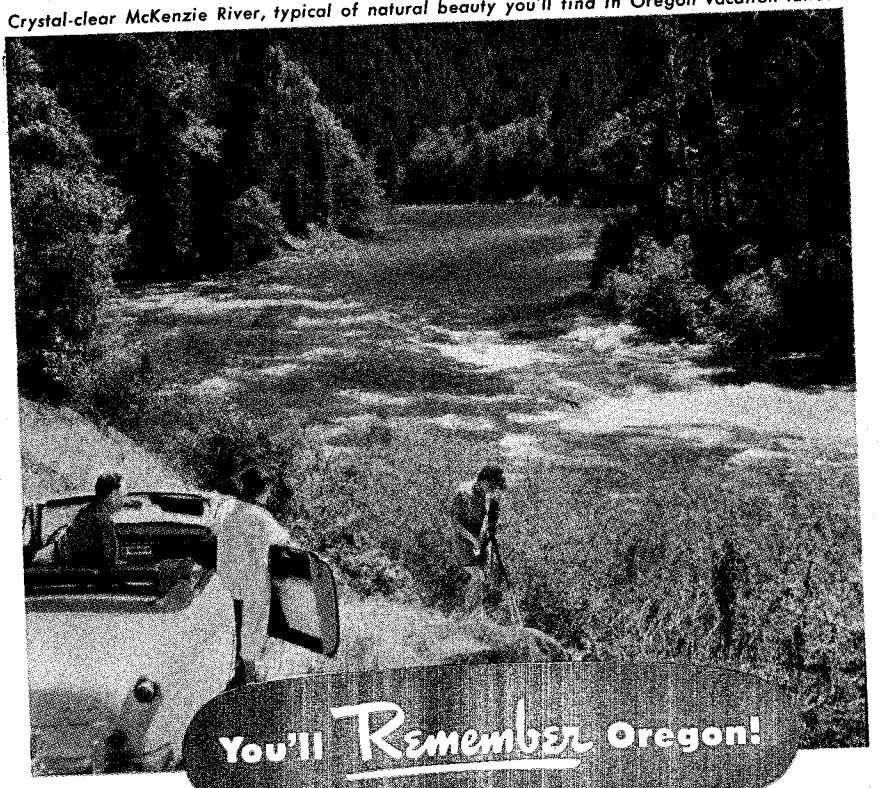
Crystal-clear McKenzie River, typical of natural beauty you'll find in Oregon vacation lands.



This is your invitation to an *Oregon* vacation. Come and enjoy this state's *variety* of contrasting playlands. Go sightseeing in the immense Columbia River Gorge, and up to mile-high Crater Lake National Park. Relax in an evergreen forest, or ride on open rangelands. Play in a mountain's summer snow and, the same day, on a Pacific Ocean beach. Plan to have carefree family holidays in friendly Oregon *this year*.

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Coronet
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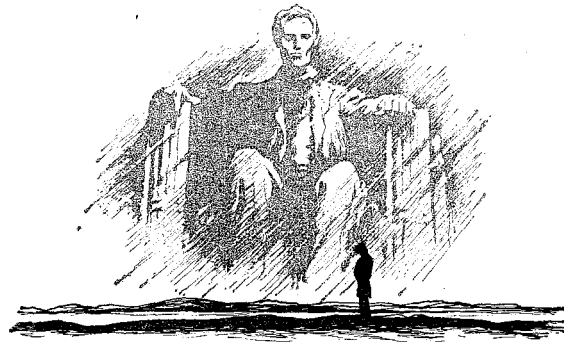
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading



WHERE LINCOLN LIVES

by TRIS COFFIN

THIS YEAR, some 2,000,000 Americans will visit a hallowed shrine of freedom by the river's edge in Washington. It stands serene and alone on a rise of land where 90 years ago a lonely man brooded upon the fate of the Union.

Abraham Lincoln came often to the bank of the slow-moving Potomac that divided a nation. Often the distant thundering of cannon was mingled with the cheerful song of birds. On Lincoln's side lay the Union; on the hill across stood the one-time mansion of the Confederacy's Robert E. Lee.

As Lincoln looked thoughtfully at the green Virginia hills, he must have recalled the sorrowing words of his first Inaugural Address: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection . . ."

In 1867, two years after Lincoln's death, Congress began the ponderous march toward a memorial on this rise of land where he had dreamed of peace and unity. But for 46 years, men could not agree on the kind of tribute a grateful nation should erect. In one debate a Senator argued:

"I believe that a fitting memorial should take a form more pronounced than the erection of a monument in

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rivalry with the Washington Monument. A statue or a corner in a park will be no memorial to him."

He favored, as did many of his colleagues, a "Lincoln Way"—a highway from Washington to Gettysburg to rival the Appian Way of ancient Rome. But another Senator said: "A memorial should be so big that the people will see it when they enter Washington . . ."

Finally, the Lincoln Memorial Commission asked the advice of Henry Bacon, noted architect. He favored a Greek temple, and found a partisan in the Senate to declare: "Few remnants of the architecture of Greece have survived, yet we stand in wonder before those that remain 20 centuries after their day."

The next issue was the site. Many wanted it to be a part of the Capitol grounds. Only a few thought of the river's edge where Lincoln had found faith to carry him through a host of trials. They were supported by the President's secretary and biographer, John Hay, who urged that the Memorial be located on the axis of the celebrated Washington Plan, in line with the Capitol and the Washington Monument.

"His monument should stand alone," said Hay, "remote from the business and turmoil of the city, isolated, distinguished and serene."

So here was placed the Memorial, looking over Washington from the river's edge like a guardian angel. It would be a Greek temple of shining white marble, rising from the deep green foliage of Potomac Park. It would enshrine a single, unforgettable figure of Lincoln.

Daniel Chester French, who had re-created the great epics of our history in such statues as "The Minute Man," was chosen as sculptor. For half a century, artists had been striving to capture Lincoln's qualities in oils and stone. This new figure, French decided, must be the greatest and most understanding.

The sculptor's models were a life mask of Lincoln and plaster copies of his hands. For six years, French worked to create truth and beauty out of clay. The task was difficult, for Lincoln had had an elusive and mystic character: his face was both majestic and homely, tender and yet stern with purpose. And always, his hands showed an immense moral strength.

Once, to get a sense of relaxed strength in Lincoln's right hand, French put his own hand in various positions. When he found the exact expression, the fingers loosely placed on the arm of a chair, the sculptor had his hand cast in plaster. Then he studied the cast as he worked painstakingly on the model.

When finally the white marble was carved into the likeness of Lincoln and placed in the temple against a limestone wall and above a pink marble floor, French came to view the statue. The sculptor was shocked: Lincoln was gaunt and seemed misshapen. Light from the Memorial's open side struck the gleaming floor and reflected a ghastly brilliance on the figure.

The problem was solved by placing a series of slatted panels in the ceiling with floodlights behind them, and a thick coating of beeswax on the marble slabs. This gave a radiant, translucent glow to the towering statue.

On Memorial Day, 1922, the Lincoln Memorial was turned over to the American people with simple

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ceremonies. It was a gentle afternoon of Spring, and the glittering Potomac was a background for the eulogies addressed to the great crowd. Edwin Markham read his stirring poem in honor of the martyred President:

> "And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Since that day, the Memorial has become America's most hallowed shrine. More visitors reverently climb its sweeping steps than those of any other monument in the United States. It has a mood and personality all its own, as though Lincoln were sitting there, deep in thought. Even youthful students who clatter noisily from buses lower their voices and take off their hats lest they disturb his spirit.

Many older visitors cry, unashamed. Not too long ago, aged veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic would painfully climb the steps and kneel in prayer before their idol. Today, letters of affection and appeal in scrawled handwriting are still addressed to "A. Lincoln, The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C."

The Memorial faithfully carries out the plea of John Hay that it "stand alone, remote from the business and turmoil of the city, isolated, distinguished and serene." The temple of pure white marble rises majestically on a knoll near the river. The steps incline upward to huge fluted columns, twelve on the East and West sides, six on the North and South sides—one for each of the 36 States of the Republic at the time of Lincoln's death. Surrounded by deep green boxwood, the Memorial faces east, across the long and graceful reflecting pool, to the spiring Washington Monument.

Through the open side, a seated Lincoln beholds a sight beyond mortal vision. Above his seated figure is inscribed in stone:

> *In This Temple*
> *As In the Hearts of the People*
> *For Whom He Saved the Union*
> *The Memory of Abraham Lincoln*
> *Is Enshrined Forever.*

The long and rugged face, alive in marble, is strong and kindly. A lock of unruly hair falls over Lincoln's massive and careworn forehead. The rough beard follows the slanting lines of his face inward and over his chin. His deep-set eyes are lonely; the nose is positive, the underlip stubborn.

His left hand is clenched tightly on the arm of the President's bench. The knuckles stand out sharply. The right hand grasps the edge of the bench with sensitive fingers.

On either side of the central chamber, beyond Ionic columns, are smaller chambers, with sweeping murals on two walls. On one side is the Angel of Truth, joining the hands of North and South. Below, the Second Inaugural Address is cut in stone, in letters a foot high: ". . . With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him

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who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

On the south wall, the Angel of Truth is freeing a slave. Below are imperishable words from the Gettysburg Address:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . . That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The spirit of a lonely man, who stood on a rise of land overlooking the Potomac and pondered the fate of the Union, is surely alive in that temple. Today, as yesterday, the simple faith and wisdom of Abraham Lincoln offers a guide to all Americans as they seek to weather the storms that crash around our modern world.

Touché

A WOMAN and her maid failed to agree about various problems around the house and finally the woman dismissed the girl. Feeling a bit conscience-stricken, she tried to smooth things over a little.

"Mary," she said, as the girl was about to leave, "I would like to give you a good reference, but my conscience compels me to state that you never did get the meals ready at the proper time. Now, I wonder if you can tell me how I can write that down in a nice way?"

"Well," retorted the girl with a toss of her head, "you might say I got the meals the same way I got my pay." —*Christian Science Monitor*

ON HIS SHOW, "You Bet Your Life," Groucho Marx asked a contestant, an industrial designer, if there were any designs he thought couldn't be improved upon. The man replied: "Only two—an egg and a woman." —NBC

AT A RECENT diplomatic reception, Soviet Ambassador Pavlov asked for a martini, which was brought to him with a bit of lemon peel. The bearded Russian studied the drink, then returned it with the booming comment, "In Russia we may occasionally find we have large flies in the glasses. But fruit peels—never!" —*U. N. World*

A SMALL BOY was boasting of the skills he had acquired at summer camp.

"And I suppose you learned to swim like a fish," his uncle remarked.

"Oh, better," the boy replied.

"Is that possible?"

"Sure," he scoffed. "*I* can swim on my back!" —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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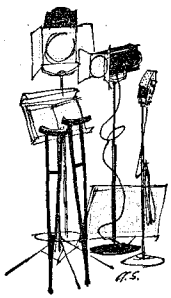
Triumph Through Faith

by JANE FROMAN

ONE NIGHT not long ago, one of my very special dreams came true. Millions of people were on hand when the moment came, but none of them knew—not even my closest friends. For this was a very personal dream, and I had told no one about it.

It started in 1945, during a USO tour of Europe. I was on crutches. Two years earlier, en route to Europe with the first USO troupe, our plane had crashed and I feared I would never walk again.



Recovery was slow and painful. There were many operations, many bills. Then, in 1945 and against my doctor's advice, I accepted an engagement at New York's Capitol Theater. I needed the money.

At first, appearing on a stage again, I had to force myself to feel at ease. But finally I felt ready to make up for the tour I had missed, and begged the USO for permission to go overseas.

"If I'm well enough to work the Capitol, I'm well enough to work anywhere," I argued.

In a few weeks I was singing again—this time for our men in uniform. I knew how badly they needed entertainment, but suddenly I realized there was something they needed even more.

I used crutches on stage. Frequently I felt their eyes more on the crutches than on me. Many of the hospitalized men were in casts; some were paralyzed, others had lost an arm or a leg.

I read haunting questions in their eyes as they studied my crutches: "Is that the way I'll be all my life? Am I, too, doomed to be an invalid?"

Throughout the tour, I wondered what I could say or do to convince these men that a serious injury was not the end of life. But how could I express this to hundreds of individuals? Not until my return did the answer strike me.

Immediately I went to work at it. It became the secret project which helped me through years of further operations. I wanted it to show what I couldn't say: that full recoveries depend on faith in yourself and in God.

Last October, I opened my own TV show on CBS. We called it "U.S.A. Canteen," and dedicated it to servicemen everywhere.

Oh, how excited I was before that first show! My hands were trembling. Then, as the band struck up, I said an extra prayer.

A few minutes later I revealed my secret project. It was meant only to show others what my faith had done for me—and what theirs could do for them.

That Saturday night, in the arms of a handsome soldier, I *danced!*

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NEW WAYS TO SAVE *on Your Income Tax*

by RALPH WALLACE

Don't overlook any 1952 exemptions and deductions that you are legally entitled to

"I MADE just a little less than $600 last year, Dad," a boy said to his father. "I guess you can still claim me as your dependent."

His father said he probably could.

"But I had some tax taken out of my pay," the son added. "Maybe it would be better for me to file a return and get that money back than for you to claim me as a dependent."

The father said he didn't know about that.

Let's hope he finds out about it before March 15th. For the truth is that the father can claim the son as his dependent *and* the boy, by filing a return, can get back the tax withheld from his pay. Neither will the father have to include any of the boy's income in his own return. You might think there is a doubling up of exemptions here somehow, but it's perfectly legal and aboveboard.

Sprinkled throughout the income-tax laws are a lot of pleasant surprises like this for the average taxpayer. Here are some more:

1. *Your dependents can be over 18 and healthy.* There is no age limit and they don't have to be disabled. They don't have to live with you, either. Here is an actual case. Mr. Smith's daughter is married and has a small child. Her husband is still studying to be a doctor. They had no income last year. So Mr. Smith provided "more than half" their living expenses. Result: He claims his daughter, son-in-law and grandchild as dependents.

2. *New babies are worth the full exemption.* You can get a full $600 exemption on your 1952 return on a baby born any time in 1952—even on the last day of the year.

3. *Your wife's relatives can be your dependents.* Your dependents must be closely related to you, or to your wife or husband. Mr. Jones, for instance, supports Aunt Maggie—who is not his aunt, but Mrs. Jones's. Can he claim Aunt Maggie as a dependent? Yes, if he and Mrs. Jones file a joint return.

4. *Tax relief if you switch houses.* Last year, a young married couple decided they had outgrown their two-bedroom house. So they sold it and bought a bigger place. "We

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made $10,000," the husband said to his wife. "The old house cost us $6,000 and we sold it for $16,000."

But the wife said she didn't see how they had, for they had paid $20,000 for the new house.

The income-tax people agree with the wife. If, within a year before or after selling your home, you pay as much for a new house as you get for the old one, you are not taxed for any "gain" on the old home.

"Some day you have to pay, though," it might be supposed, "when you sell the new house." But that isn't necessarily so. You could again put off the gain by buying still another house (and, of course, paying enough for it). You could do this any number of times, but not twice within twelve months.

5. *Gifts and inheritances aren't taxed.* The general rule is that anything you receive as a free gift is not income. Neither is money nor property that you inherit. Of course, if somebody gives you the income from property, as they might do by putting property in trust for you, that income could be taxed to you.

6. *Social Security is never taxed.* All SS benefits are tax-exempt. You don't need to report them. See how this helps out at retirement:

A man retires at 65. He and his wife, also 65, start getting—

$127.50	monthly from Social Security (exempt)
140.00	monthly from his company's pension plan (taxable, let's assume)
$75.00	monthly from an easy job (he can earn this much without losing his Social Security)
$342.50	monthly income.

How much income tax will they pay? None. They have king-size exemptions totalling $2,400 because they are over 65. These, plus their deductions, are enough to cover their *taxable* income.

7. *"Head of a household" gets special, low rates.* Two houses are side by side. Mr. and Mrs. Smith live in one, and Widower Green and his daughter in the other. Smith's household expenses aren't any more than Green's. Yet the husband gets special tax aid through the "split-income" provision by filing a joint return with his wife. Shouldn't something similar be done for Widower Green?

Something has been done. Beginning with 1952 returns, an unmarried person who qualifies as "head of a household" is given special rates. These will save a good deal for him if his income is fairly high.

For example, on an income of $10,000 after exemptions and deductions, the saving over the regular rates is $244. On an income of $15,000, it is $614.

If you are unmarried and if you maintain a household for one or more relatives, read the instructions with your return carefully to find out if you are a "head of a household" and are entitled to use the special rates.

8. *Full deduction for long-term loss.* Here is something else new on 1952 returns. If you aren't looking for it, you may make a mistake.

Several years ago, let's say, you recklessly paid $200 for some mining stock. In 1952, you sold it for $300. The $100 gain is "long-term." If that is the only capital transaction you had in 1952, you are taxed for only half the $100 gain, or $50;

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on this point, the 1952 rules are similar to those of past years.

But suppose—which is more likely—the stock went down instead of up. In that case you might have sold it for a $100 *loss* in 1952. Would you cut that loss in half, the way you did the gain? No—you could deduct the full $100 loss, even though it was "long-term."

Although it may seem strange, a gain would be only half taxed, but a loss would be fully deductible. But this is so only if you have one such transaction in a year and it is a small one, like those above. If you have large gains or losses from numerous sales, better study the instructions or get someone to assist you with your return.

9. *Loans to ne'er-do-well relatives.* Deductions for bad debts are not limited to business transactions. If you lend money to some relative and you can't collect, you are entitled to a deduction for your loss, provided you treat it as a "short-term capital loss" and remember the $1,000 limit on net capital losses within one year. Of course, it must have been a real loan, made with the understanding that it would be repaid—a legally collectable debt, and not a gift. And you must take the deduction in the right year—the year in which the debt became completely worthless.

Now for deductions that are ruled out when you take the standard deduction. Most of these are old friends of the taxpayer's—mortgage interest, real-estate taxes, contributions. But there are also some sleepers. For example:

People over 65 can deduct more for medical expense. Mr. B——— was 65 in December, 1952. His wife is only 63. They spent $300 for their own medical care in 1952.

"That's less than five per cent of my income," he told his wife, "so I can't deduct anything."

But he was wrong. The five-per-cent rule, that keeps most people from deducting medical expense until the expense goes above five per cent of adjusted gross income, no longer applies to taxpayers who are 65 or over by the end of the year. An over-65 taxpayer can deduct the very first dollar he spends for his medical care. And on a joint return of husband and wife, the five-per-cent rule is likewise out—as to the amounts spent for the husband's and the wife's medical care—if either of them was 65 by the end of the year.

Contributions can be up to 20 per cent of income. The familiar 15 per cent of income limit on charitable deductions was raised to 20 per cent last year. The new limit is effective on returns for 1952.

Deduction for losses due to nature. A strong wind blew down Mr. Com-

A LAWYER specializing in taxes was asked if there were any deductions which, from his experience, he would say were overlooked more often than taken. He said there were two:

(1) rental of a safe-deposit box (plus the tax), where the box is used for keeping securities producing taxable income; and

(2) employment agency fee, where the taxpayer changes positions during the year.

These are clearly allowable, if the standard deduction isn't taken. Do they help you?

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muter's apple tree. "It breaks my heart," he told a friend. "We'll sure miss the blossoms and the shade. That tree was worth a lot to me."

The neighbor said don't forget to take a tax deduction for it.

"How can I?" Mr. Commuter said. "The tree didn't cost anything . . . not more than two or three dollars, anyway. I planted it here ten years ago."

But he *can* take a deduction. Under tax rulings, trees and bushes around a home are not looked on as separate assets. They are considered to be integral parts of the property. If some of them are destroyed by storm, the homeowner can deduct the difference between (1) the value of the whole property immediately before the storm, and (2) the value of the whole property immediately after the storm. The amount of the damage could be established by appraisal or by photographs. Of course, you cannot deduct more than the cost of the entire property; and you must take into account any money recovered through insurance and salvage.

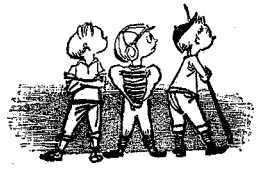
Small deductions for small accidents. Mrs. M——— is a good driver, but one day last year she did two things: she tore the rear fender of her car when she tried to ease away from the curb from behind a car parked too close in front; and she crumpled another fender against a large white stone that her husband thought looked nice when he placed it at the edge of the driveway.

Repairs to the car came to $120, not covered by insurance. "That's all right," her husband said. "I'll deduct the $120 on our tax return."

But these were such little accidents, Mrs. M——— said. They don't have to be head-on collisions, her husband said; if you have an accident, you can take a deduction for the damage to your car—if you have receipts, canceled checks and perhaps a photograph of the damaged property as evidence.

One of the best ways to save income tax is to prepare your return early. You may need assistance with your return. Where would you go—to the local office of the Director of Internal Revenue, to your lawyer, to your accountant?

It's up to you, of course, but the point is, if you leave it until March 14th or 15th, you may find a line of people ahead of you. Avoid the rush, and the errors that are bound to result from haste, by starting on your return now.



Infallible!

AN INFALLIBLE RECIPE for getting along with small children is to stop asking asinine questions, such as, "How old are you?" and ask something interesting, such as "How long can you hold your breath?" or "Did you ever try to dig down to China?" These make sense and promise some sport. —SYDNEY J. HARRIS (*Chicago Daily News*)

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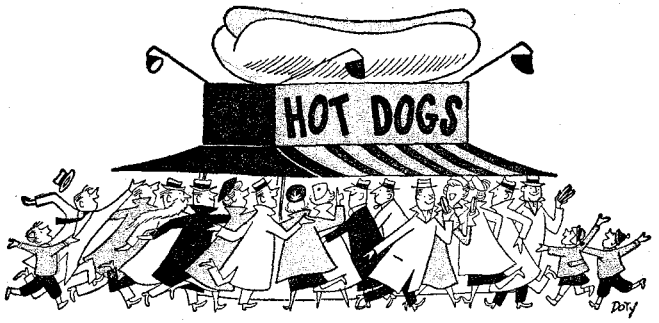

YOUR FABULOUS FRANKFURTER

by MORT WEISINGER

ONE SPRING MORNING in 1935, a dirty-faced urchin invaded the estate of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and solicited the oil tycoon for one of his famous free dimes. The millionaire was sitting outdoors at the time, lunching on his austere diet of milk and crackers.

"I'll give you the dime if you tell me why you want it," Rockefeller told the youngster.

"I want to buy hot dogs," replied the boy eagerly.

As the magnate handed over a shiny new coin, he remarked wistfully: "I'd give a million dollars if my doctors would let me spend at least one of my dimes on some hot dogs for myself!"

John D. was a piker considering the amount of money Americans spend each year for hot dogs. Annually, we pay $380,000,000 for the pleasure of consuming approximately six billion franks which, linked together, would stretch from the earth to the moon and back!

One day last Summer, at a frankfurter-eating contest, a robust, bespectacled college youth won hands down by consuming 42 in less than three hours. His score is noteworthy in that it exceeds by only two the number of hot dogs that you, the average American, will eat during all of 1953.

For 50 years, the frankfurter has been our favorite national snack. We devour them in a hundred custom-made styles. Many like them barbecued; others, boiled, grilled, roasted or braised. You can eat them off a skewer (frank kabob) or stuffed with spaghetti (frank-a-roni). But whether you split, stew, steam or sizzle them, and no matter

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how thin you slice them (as millions do to flavor lentil soup), they're still hot dogs, most of them the skinless variety.

There are hot dogs to suit every palate and every purse. Five nickels dropped into an Automat slot will fetch you a grilled frank and a plate of baked beans, a meal in itself. At New York's tony 21 Club, for $2.50 you can order *Sausage Gastronome*—our friend the doggie sautéed in a red wine. As the "frankwich," it is available for the same price in the exclusive Cub Room of the Stork Club, mounted on a slice of baked ham and garnished with Alsatian-type sauerkraut.

There are almost as many varieties of hot dogs as there are of the four-legged kind. In California, one glossy establishment developed a whole kennel of frankfurter specialties such as "The Chihuahua," which is a hot dog smothered with chili sauce; "The Dachshund," a hot dog layered with sauerkraut; "The Poodle," garnished with chopped onions. And so on, through the canine kingdom.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS hot-dog mart is Nathan's, an unpretentious Coney Island stand which disposes of 5,000,000 yearly —the equivalent of a herd of 600 cattle—plus 10,000 gallons of mustard. Owned and operated by a corporation headed by Nathan Handwerker, since 1916 this amazing wiener emporium has sold more than 6,000 miles of franks.

So popular is this hot-dog house that celebrities often wait patiently in line to buy Nathan's product. Not long ago, Nathan spied Senator Herbert Lehman at the end of the queue, waiting his turn. Nathan rushed over to the elderly statesman. "Follow me inside and I'll see that you get immediate service," he offered.

"No, thanks," the Senator said smilingly as he inched his way slowly toward the counter. "I've been doing this for years."

The pushcart vendor of a generation ago, who used to do a rushing street-corner business hawking his "red hots" from under a peppermint-striped umbrella, has been superseded by the hot-dog huckster on wheels. In Long Island and New Jersey, one frankfurter company, until it concentrated on indoor business, maintained a fleet of mobile salesmen who cruised the streets dispensing a succulent item known as the "Swanky Franky."

According to the American Meat Institute, the official size of the frankfurter is five inches in length. From time to time these dimensions have varied. Some California stands boast an elongated 12-inch number which is known as a "mile-long" frank. At the other end of the ruler, there is the bite-sized, one-inch "teeny weenie," seen frequently at cocktail parties.

Throughout the years, the fabulous frank has often made the front pages. Baseball's chroniclers will never forget Babe Ruth's superstomach ache—when he collapsed from eating 12 hot dogs between games of a double-header and had to be rushed to a hospital.

In the Summer of 1939, the red hot set the international cables humming when it was reported that King George VI of England had eaten a frank at a picnic at Hyde Park, New York, where he

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was a guest of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The hot dog received another international salute from the late George Bernard Shaw, famous throughout his life as a vegetarian diehard. On the occasion of his last visit to the U. S., Shaw startled newsmen by publicly munching a frankfurter, an act which seemed to contradict his life-long anti-carnivorous stand.

The sage quickly explained his seeming treason to the vegetable kingdom by informing his critics that the hot dog he was eating was a meatless substitute.

Today, this meatless mutation of the wiener is a big item with health-food addicts. Composed of wheat gluten, hydrolyzed vegetable proteins, potato meal and spices, and hickory-smoked for flavor, its champions claim that the substitute is every bit as tasty as the real McCoy.

IN 1940, the prestige of the hot dog became a national issue. That year, when a citizens' committee in Chicago was making arrangements for the National Democratic Convention, the question arose whether or not to allow the sale of franks during the convention proceedings.

Committee members voted against the red hot, maintaining that their mass consumption during the coming political crisis wouldn't be "dignified." But when irate hot-dog lovers organized a "Freedom for Franks" campaign, the committee yielded.

More recently, the frankfurter won round-the-world attention when Radio Moscow announced gleefully that "Americans can take credit for only two inventions—the electric chair and the hot dog."

As usual, the Stalin stooges are wrong. The cooking of meats in natural casings was practiced long before the fifth century B. C. There is a passage in Homer's *Odyssey* describing a type of sausage. There are also reports that sausages were made and eaten by the Babylonians some 1,500 years B. C. The ancient Romans were extremely fond of a sausage made of fresh pork and white pine nuts, chopped fine and seasoned with cummin seed.

The hot dog as we know it—a spiced, smoked, beef-pork concoction packed within a casing—was invented in 1852 by members of a butchers' guild in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany. According to students of the sausage, the final shape of this popular delicatessen novelty was determined by a butcher who was inspired by his own dog, a dachshund.

Early models of the new morsel promptly found favor with Germany's gourmets and the invention was christened "frankfurter," in honor of its birthplace.

Hot-dog historians claim that 1883 was the year the frankfurter first appeared in the U. S. But according to these gastronomical genealogists, it was ten years later that the doggie made its first big splash in this country, thanks to one Anton Ludwig Feuchtwanger, a Bavarian sausage peddler.

Feuchtwanger introduced the elongated delicacy to crowds attending the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Grilled to a sizzling temperature, his "red hots," as he

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called them, made an immediate hit with the public's palate.

But when consumers complained that the "red hots" were literally too hot to handle, the pioneer wienie-vender was forced to provide his patrons with white gloves for insulation. He soon found that the mitts were apt to vanish, and with them went his profits.

Brooding over this risk, Herr Feuchtwanger hit upon the idea which was to start the hot dog on its triumphant march around the world. Why not, he suddenly thought, dress its blushing nudity in a bun? He did, and the idea caught on.

After the wedding of the frankfurter and the roll, the new tidbit became a familiar sight at carnivals, exhibitions and circuses throughout the Midwest. It made its appearance in the East in 1900 when Harry Stevens, owner of the refreshment concession at the New York Polo Grounds, was searching for a hot-food item which would appeal to the shivering football fans packed inside the arena.

The Feuchtwanger frank seemed the answer to his dreams. But how to keep it hot from grill to grandstand was a problem. Stevens solved it by equipping his vendors with portable hot-water tanks filled with floating franks.

Soon Stevens' salesmen were tramping through the stands, the strange contraptions slung around their necks, shouting, "They're red hot! Get your dachshund sausages while they're red hot!"

Tad Dorgan, the famous cartoonist, was at the game. Afterward he drew a cartoon featuring the novel delicacy, but, as the story goes, he didn't know how to spell "dachshund." And so—with gastronomic destiny at the end of his pencil—he simply put down "hot dog." The name stuck.

HARRY STEVENS IS DEAD NOW, after having parlayed the hot dog into a million-dollar business at sports events throughout the land. But his four sons carry on and they probably know as much as anyone about America's hot-dog habits.

They know, for example, that few baseball fans will eat a hot dog after the seventh inning, except during double-headers. They also know that St. Paul and Minneapolis, in agreement for once, spurn the hot dog for the hamburger.

Although millions of appetites are whetted regularly by the hawkers' cry of "Skinless, homeless, boneless and harmless hot dogs!" the actual contents of the frank are a mystery to most who eat them. So here's the inside hot-dog dope:

The chief ingredients are beef (60 per cent), pork (40 per cent), salt, sugar, spices and sodium nitrate. (The kosher variety is all-beef, heavily seasoned with garlic.)

The frank is manufactured by chopping the mixture finely in a special bowl-shaped machine by blades which revolve so fast that crushed ice must be added to keep the meat from overheating. The chopped meat is then stuffed into a specially-processed casing, which is destined to be the outer shell of the hot dog and provides that loud "plop!" when you bite into it.

Half the secret of a good frankfurter is the casing or skin, accord-

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ing to many connoisseurs. They claim it preserves the flavor and the natural succulent juices. Some casings come from the intestines of lambs, hogs or cattle, but most are made by the Visking Corporation, which originated the "skinless" frankfurter. Skinless franks are made by stuffing the meat into a cellulose jacket and then removing the cellulose after cooking.

On the hot-dog assembly line, the stuffed casing looks like an endless tube. First destination for the raw product is an intricate Rube Goldberg machine which winds string around the tubing at five-inch intervals, thereby converting each yard of the protein pipe line into seven "linked" hot dogs.

These linked franks are then cured in little smokehouses within the packing plant. Care must be taken that the links do not touch each other, because smoking influences color, and the unsmoked areas will show up as seemingly faulty spots.

The smoking process is followed by cooking, in the form of a 15-minute hot bath. Then comes a sudden cold spray, to give the frank its proper finish, and to prepare its temperature for the refrigerator.

The future of the hot dog is secure. The recipe for a perfect specimen reposes 50 feet underground in the Time Capsule where it should be immune to A- or H-bomb damage. Printed on a strip of microfilm and lodged inside a cylinder of pure Cupaloy, the priceless culinary secret will be safe for eons to come.

And it should be. For, according to one of the country's largest manufacturers of frankfurters, "The dog is the noblest of animals and the hot dog is the noblest of dogs. It feeds the hand that bites it."

Headwork

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S quick political thinking kept the opposition in a state of confusion. One morning, when Lincoln was a member of the Illinois Legislature, an oppressive bill was introduced by the opposing party.

Lincoln was set against the bill, as were the members of his party, but the opposition had the necessary majority to push it through. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him. He counted heads. As he had suspected, only a bare quorum was present. If there were one member less in the legislative chamber, a vote could not possibly be taken.

This thought had occurred to the opposition at the same time. The speaker ordered all the doors locked. Lincoln slowly strolled over to the window and looked out. It was 20 feet to the ground, but he was sure he could make it with little more than a shaking up.

His mind made up, he suddenly opened the window, hopped on the sill and leaped. As he did so, he could hear the howls of anger and disappointment from the opposition, but he was smiling as his feet reached the ground. His quick thinking had saved the day.

—E. E. EDGAR

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Troubled TRIOS

Warren Hull, a man who has given away a million dollars as the star of Colgate's CBS-TV and NBC-Radio show, *Strike It Rich*, (Monday through Friday) gives away not so much as a single clue as Coronet's quiz master this month. The test? To select from the right-hand column the person who had reason to be disturbed by, or who interfered with, the romantic attachments of the couples in the left-hand column. The answers? See page 144.

1. Miles Standish, Priscilla Mullens	Mr. Barrett
2. Peter Pan, Wendy	Cousin Scragg
3. Ichabod Crane, Katrina Van Tassel	Mrs. Danvers
4. Madame de Pompadour, Louis XV	King Mark
5. Robert Browning, Elizabeth	Rhett Butler
6. Maxim de Winter, "I"	Pandora
7. Romeo, Juliet	Valentine
8. The Prince, Cinderella	Roger Chillingworth
9. Carmen, José	Amneris
10. Scarlett O'Hara, Ashley Wilkes	Queen Maria
11. Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn	Brom Bones
12. Guinevere, Sir Launcelot	Blanche Du Bois
13. Mr. Rochester, Jane Eyre	Harriet Westbrook
14. Anthony, Cleopatra	Mrs. Davidson
15. Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale	Javotte
16. Li'l Abner, Daisy Mae	Lord Darnley
17. Stella Kowalski, Stanley	Henry Ashton
18. Apollo, Daphne	Escamillo
19. Alfred, Sadie Thompson	Menelaus
20. Helen of Troy, Paris	King Arthur
21. Faust, Marguerite	Ptolemy
22. Ethan Frome, Mattie	Bertha Mason
23. Jupiter, Alcmena	Tinker Bell
24. Mary of Scotland, Earl of Bothwell	Peneus
25. Lucia di Lammermoor, Edgar of Ravenswood	Lady Capulet
	John Alden
26. Percy Shelley, Mary Godwin	Catherine of Aragon
27. Isolt, Sir Tristram	Amphitryon
28. Aida, Rhadames	Zeena
29. Jack, Sable	

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What Are We Afraid Of?

by ZELDA POPKIN

Formless and unfounded fears are the greatest enemies to modern man's peace of mind

DREAD IS ONE OF THE great sicknesses of our times. Its catch phrase, "I died a thousand deaths," is heard everywhere. Its look, the frown of worry, is on countless faces.

Dread fills our mental hospitals and paralyzes action and thought. Indeed, we live half-lives because we are so much afraid.

Truly, we do have cause for anxiety. Hate and the A-bomb are in our world. A widespread war only yesterday ravaged cities and sent men and women back to living in caves. Even now, the threat of new wars whirls around us.

When it comes, if it comes, some men will die. But each only once, and when his hour has come.

We die but once. Yet in the formless fears which shackle our waking hours and torment our dreams, we die a thousand deaths.

"When I woke up this morning," my neighbor said, "I had a premonition something dreadful was going to happen today."

She settled down to wait for it. Each time the telephone rang she jumped, thinking, "Here it is!" She answered the doorbell fearfully, crossed familiar streets with shrinking horror.

But at night she went to bed as she always did, since the day had been like every other, except that in it there had been no pleasure or achievement—for she had died the thousand deaths of fear.

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," Franklin D. Roosevelt said in the dark days of 1933; and he named our worst enemy—the formless fog that is made up out of the untried, the unknown, the unmentionable, as much as of visible, tangible peril.

What are we afraid of?

We are, first, afraid of war. We have reason to be. Those of us who

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have seen it close know its insane brutality, its destructions and deaths, its large-scale and intimate miseries.

Yet because it has happened, it does not follow that it must happen again. Man learns slowly, but he does learn. Human minds invented war. Human minds may find its preventative. Release of the energies bound tight in fear could well discover the way.

But before that *maybe* war comes, we have the daily business of living to do—the garden to tend, the picture to paint, the clothes to launder.

A few years ago I met a family in a city under military siege. Their house had been hit several times and the family was huddled in the bathroom, the least exposed place. A board had been laid across the bathtub to make a dining table. On the board was a spotless white cloth and a bowl of fresh flowers.

"In the very next hour," the woman told me, "we may be blown to bits. But in this hour we are living, and we will live as we always did."

We are afraid of disaster, of flood, earthquake, fire, of the violence of machines and men. We hear of the wind and the rising river which devastate one corner of a county; and we forget that the rest of the continent continues to live, work and play in safety.

Newspapers and radio incite our fears with headlines of car wreck and murder, and we forget that the law of averages works on our side. The cold statistical truth is that in one year, hardly 1/15 of one per cent of the licensed car drivers in the U. S. are involved in fatal motor accidents, and less than 1/200th of one per cent of the population are listed as murderers. The ratio is infinitesimal, out of all proportion to the size of our fears.

We are afraid of sickness and pain. These, it is perfectly true, are uncomfortable, time-wasting, costly, and may be forerunners of death.

"I can't sit in the sun," a friend of mine insists. "I'll get sick if I do." Another declares, "I daren't touch wine, or sea food or chocolate. I'll get sick." Out of unjustified fear, they deny themselves the good things of life.

A friend about to embark on her first long journey alone spent the day and night beforehand in an agony of terror. "Suppose I get sick in a strange city," she kept telling herself. "Suppose I get a heart attack in the night. There will be no one to take care of me."

She went, because she had to. She was not sick. She did not die.

MEN DO GET SICK. They do have accidents. But, also, they do get well. Science and medical skill in our times have vanquished many once-dreaded diseases, and they will conquer more.

Pain, too, has its remedies. It can be relieved and it can be endured. Fearing pain, more than one woman has cheated herself of the experience of bearing a child. Yet I remember a young friend who had just had her first child. It had been a long, difficult birth, but she said, "This was my first baby. It was exciting and interesting. How could I possibly notice mere pain?"

We are afraid of failure, of loss. Most of our lives are spent in the struggle to get what we call security. To some, security means a job or cash in the bank; to others, social status, recognition, approval; to

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almost everyone, a person to love and be loved by.

We live in terror of losing the little we have attained, unaware that the most precious things are never lost. I have met many women and men who had lost everything except the spirit and the will to live; and who, having survived, had proven that it is possible to start, to build, to live all over again.

I know a man who lost his business, home, savings in the 1929 crash. Out of a job, he put pride in his pocket and gratefully went to work on the W.P.A. Ten years later he was elected governor of his state.

We are afraid of being found out. That is the greatest of all our fears.

No man is as noble or as virtuous as he would like the world to think he is. Being human, we are imperfect, but having been raised on ideals of perfection, we have not yet learned to accept ourselves as we are, with the measure of weakness and error we share with the rest of mankind.

We magnify little misdeeds into great sins, and sometimes drive ourselves mad. If the world knew what I'm really like, the neurotic thinks, it would scorn and pillory me.

Neurotic or no, every man carries that tight knot of guilt in himself. Our rules of good conduct are stern, often harsh. And they conflict with desire, instinct and impulse.

We are afraid of the unknown, of what we have not yet experienced or understood. One night I heard a young girl on a popular radio program to which people bring their troubles, say tremulously: "My mother won't let me go out alone, not even to visit friends or to hunt for a job. She's afraid something might happen to me."

Something might happen. But the chances that it might be agreeable are at least as great as that it might be disastrous.

Every experience has its own values for growth. Through each experience, the unhappy as well as the good, we grow in understanding and the capacity to take the rest.

There is a fable about a caveman who, sitting at the entrance to his cave, saw a shape moving on a distant hill. "That's a dinosaur," he said to himself. "I was told they were all dead and gone. There's one left. He's going to crush me."

He shivered and shook while it came nearer. "It's not a dinosaur," he wailed. "It's a lion. He'll tear me apart. What good is my club?"

Trembling, he watched it approach. It had a man's form. "Why, it's a giant! An enemy. He'll kill me!" he sobbed.

But when the creature of whom he had been so afraid came close, he saw it was his own brother. And he ran forward and flung his arms around him. Perhaps, in the relief of that moment, he also said, "Before I knew it was you, I died a thousand deaths."

Candid Comment

WHEN PEOPLE start trying to get out of this country, instead of forming lines waiting to get in—then we'll worry about the capitalistic system. —*Wall Street Journal*

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Husbands and Wives Must Have Secrets

by OLIVE CLAPPER

In almost any marriage, there are times when discreet silence is truly golden

MY JOURNALIST HUSBAND had a quick temper. Even among his co-workers, Raymond Clapper's blowups were famous and frequent. At home, they were occasioned not by important matters, for on basic issues we agreed, but by what seemed mere trifles—my being ten minutes late for an appointment or forgetting to order his favorite cheese for dinner.

These blowups distressed me and I would go to any ends—including secrets—to avoid them. Usually I got away with my intrigue. Now that he is gone, I am glad I was able to keep him unruffled much of the time—even by not always telling him everything. For by so doing I made him a calmer and happier man.

Did Ray have secrets from me? Obviously, I don't know. But if he did, I would consider it his privilege as an individual. What self-respecting woman wants an open book for a husband? Also, how can a wife possibly have so little respect for her husband that she thinks him incapable of making a few decisions on his own?

No doubt you know at least one couple who have no secrets and in whom the spark of dynamic personality was quenched with the "I do." They see in marriage an *obligation* to merge two personalities into one, rather than an opportunity to improve each other as individuals. Soon they think the same, act the same and, before long, curiosity dies; no longer does either mate retain any fascination or challenge for the other.

Yes, husbands and wives *must* have secrets. And sometimes they may be big ones. But—and this is important—they are permissible only if the keeping of them results in something good!

I recall one wife's secret that began small—and ended in a project of real accomplishment. When I was in school in Chicago, I met this woman's daughter, then a gifted physician. It was rarer in those days to meet a woman successful in this profession. Yet only recently

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did I learn that, had it not been for a secret Elizabeth's mother kept from her father, she would never have been able to study medicine.

Elizabeth's father rose from pushing a vegetable cart to owning a corner grocery. His plan was that she should take her place in the store until she married. Higher education, he told her flatly, was only for the rich. Therefore, when Elizabeth finished high school and announced her intention of becoming a doctor, he raged.

But Mother was wiser. She realized her daughter's ambition was an admirable and practical goal. But the only way to achieve it was behind Father's back. And so, as she worked long hours in the store, she kept pocketing enough nickels and dimes from the cash register to pay for Elizabeth's college courses.

On graduation day, when Elizabeth received her M.D. degree, there was no prouder parent than her grocer father. To this day, he is steadfastly proud of her. Also, he believes he was partly responsible for her success. But late at night, when her husband is asleep, Elizabeth's mother thanks God she kept the secret that helped her daughter.

As secrecy and love paid off in this case, so can it for thousands of others. But love must be a partner in secrecy, if real happiness is to be achieved. Yet it is often sadly true that blind love can thwart not only healthy secrecy but the stability of marriage itself.

Not long ago one of Washington's loveliest belles married a highly eligible bachelor in a ceremony that inspired the society columnists to pen clichés about the "perfectly matched couple." Later, I had to stand by helplessly while I watched the devoted wife tear their marriage apart. The sad thing was she had no idea what she was doing.

From the moment her husband came home in the evening until he left next morning for work, he was ruthlessly cross-examined about every minute he spent away. If he happened to tarry downtown with friends, he had to make up a story about being kept at the office. If he was in the midst of a confidential transaction, he had to fabricate a detailed lie to satisfy his wife that his office hours were well spent. True, his wife's inquisitiveness was based on a loving and sincere ambition for him, but it irritated him to the breaking point.

That point came the day she phoned his office to discover he had not been in all morning. She tracked him from friend to friend until she located him at the National Press Club. He was furious when she called, and when he returned home that evening—their second anniversary—they flew at each other.

Actually, he had spent the morning arranging for plane and theater tickets, so the two of them could fly to New York for the opening of a new musical that night. This latest intrusion into his privacy, he shouted, was the last. He stormed out of the door and flew alone to New York. He never returned to their home in Chevy Chase.

All of this might seem to indicate that I advocate unrestrained secrecy among husbands and wives. That is not true. I am not arguing

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for closemouthedness, but rather for necessary discretion in every marital relationship. Some secrets can be dangerous if kept, just as others might be harmful if disclosed.

Are there, however, times when silence is to be preferred over speech? I think so. And I think you will agree when you hear the story of the wife of a Cambridge professor.

He was a brilliant but moody teacher whose greatest fear, during periods of depression, was that he might contract an incurable disease. Repeatedly he told his wife he would commit suicide rather than endure a long, hopeless illness.

One day his physician called on his wife with bad news. The professor had contracted an incurable illness. Recovery was impossible. At most he had a year to live. Should he be told?

It was a hard decision for his young wife. Her husband had just started a new book which he felt sure would usher in higher standards of scholarship. If he knew his condition, would he finish it? In addition, the wife had another factor to consider; she had just found out she was going to have a baby.

The most serious matter was how her husband would react to the doctor's news; would he actually commit suicide if he learned the truth? Yet he had a right to know —or did he?

The wife did tell her husband about the expected baby, but not about the cancer that was shrinking his hours. The news was like a miracle drug. He plunged into his work with renewed enthusiasm, ignoring his increasing physical discomfort. Although he did not realize it, the disease took its toll as the months wore on. He died soon after his son was born.

What had the wife accomplished by keeping her secret? A great deal. Her husband had not died a suicide; his great work was finished and his lasting prestige assured. More important, she had given him almost a full year of sustained love. Wasn't it all worth it?

Just as there are secrets that spring up during marriage, so are there secrets which may take place before two people agree to become one. All of us recognize that one of the most essential ingredients of a successful marriage is a satisfactory sex relationship. Here, a delicate balance between personalities is needed. Again, secrecy is important —in considering the past and dealing with the present.

Recently I heard about a young bridegroom-to-be, a friend of my son's, who felt his bride should know all about his "past." So he proceeded to unfold a lurid tale of early passions. In an effort to place himself in the worst possible light, he embroidered the facts until the recitation was truly fantastic. His poor fiancée was so terrified that she canceled the whole affair.

On the other hand, there are occasions when innocent withholdings of facts or "white lie" misrepresentations can be a serious threat to family happiness. A good example of this is the familiar story of the husband who pretends to his wife that he earns more money than he actually does. She naturally assumes he is telling the truth, and

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forthwith spends up to the scale on which she believes they are living. But the day of reckoning must come, and has heralded the crash of more than one marriage.

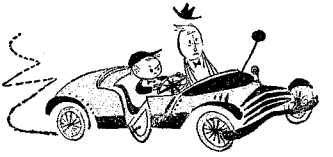
On the other side of the ledger, a wife's spending should not be kept secret from her husband. Of course, she should never be extravagant; but then, women are women. We go shopping, we spend money, and when the end of the month comes, the bills begin to accumulate. But what do you do with them? Into the wastebasket? You might just as well throw your husband's trust in you into the basket at the same time.

Better to tell the truth, for by the arrival of the third "please remit" notice he suddenly sees through the whole fabric of deceit, and then the accounting is as difficult for his wife as for her creditors.

Happily married men and women are the first to agree that secrecy should never be indulged to excess. And yet, certain secrets that are not harmful can be as much fun in the unfolding as Christmas every day of the year.

Long ago, when my husband was a struggling reporter, he felt he could make extra money by writing articles at night—if only he could afford a typewriter. We had a brand-new baby then, and every cent was needed to pay for necessities. We could no longer afford to buy a typewriter than a rocket flight to the moon.

Then my mother sent me a check to buy things for the baby. I didn't say a word to Ray about the windfall, and the baby got along on what she had. A few days later, he was surprised to find a good second-hand typewriter on his desk. It was on this typewriter that he turned out the story that was his first big break on the road to journalistic success.



Windshield Stickers

MANY A MOTORIST has lost control of his car because of one mistake—teaching his teen-age youngster to drive. —*Seng Fellowship News*

PROPER ATTITUDES are more vital to safe driving than operating skills. —DR. WILLIAM JANSEN

MOTORISTS should treat all people as though they were blind, deaf or defective. Pedestrians should treat all motorists as though they are homicidal maniacs. Then, between the two, we should get fewer accidents. —L. F. BECCLE

WHEN YOU FORGET to be careful, you're not driving your car. You're just aiming it. —EARL GIVENS

GLASSES HAVE an amazing effect on a driver's vision, especially when they have been filled and emptied a number of times! —*Sunshine Magazine*

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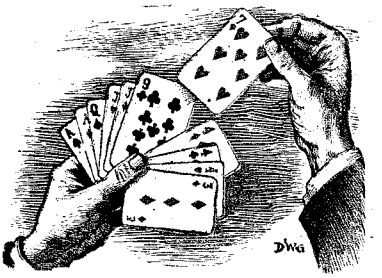
The Fathers of CANASTA

by MICHAEL SCULLY

Two bridge players from Uruguay thought they had invented a simple card game!



MILLIONS OF AMERICANS play canasta today because Segundo Santos faced up to a personal problem back in 1939.

Señor Santos, a dapper, agile-witted little man, is a ranking attorney of Montevideo, Uruguay, and he used to be one of South America's top-flight bridge experts. Paired with Alberto Serrato, a solemn, deep-voiced architect, he dominated the game at the Jockey Club, where the city's elite show up for a turn at cards before dinner.

"The trouble," says Santos now, "is that it's hard to play bridge for just an hour or two. With us, it was often five or six hours, and on some week ends, it was all night.

"I sat at my desk mornings wondering why I felt dull, until it came to me that I was working two shifts. It was not so much the time as the concentration I gave to bridge—that game can drain off a lot of mental energy in a few hours. I asked myself: 'Look, Santos, are you a bridge-player or a lawyer?'"

He decided for the law. But he still liked to drop in for the Jockey Club's predinner sessions and take a hand at rummy or cooncan, though he found that the substitutes didn't satisfy.

"Too much luck involved," he says. "I began to think about a game less demanding than bridge, but requiring more skill and judgment than the others. My sense of game theory and tactics is good, and Serrato has a rapid-calculator brain. So we got together."

For weeks the lawyer and the architect experimented with blends of bridge, rummy and cooncan, discarding a half-dozen tentative versions before they worked out a double-deck game that satisfied both. Then they invited two friends, Arturo Gomez Harley and Ricardo Sanguinetti, to sit in for a trial run.

"What do you call this game?" Gomez Harley asked.

No one had thought of a name, but there on the table sat a small

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metal tray, a *canastillo*, borrowed from a waiter to hold the cards.

"Canastillo," said Santos.

Later, when a shallow-sided holder was devised to keep the cards in better order, the name became *canasta* (Spanish for basket).

EVEN BEFORE they had settled on a name, Santos and Serrato knew they had loosed an epidemic. From the Jockey Club, canasta spread over Montevideo, then, in the summer of 1940, up the Uruguayan coast where thousands of Argentines spend the hot months. These took it back to Buenos Aires and it began to chase bridge right out of the *Club de Bridge* itself. It jumped to Chile and Peru. Air lines carried the virus to Brazil.

But, apparently because wartime travel between the continents was rigidly limited, canasta did not reach the U. S. until 1946, when Señora Josefina Artayeta de Viel, a New York visitor from Buenos Aires, introduced it to friends.

Before you could say "Ely Culbertson," the Regency Club, another bridge sanctum, had been taken over, and Señora de Viel had a publisher's contract to write a pamphlet of rules in English, one of the first of at least 30 canasta books published to date.

To meet the double-deck demand, manufacturers began stepping up their playing-card output.

The phenomenon today is as universal as sunshine—even Russian Olympic athletes in their camp at Helsinki were found huddled around "the basket"—and Segundo Santos is pretty bewildered by it all.

"I was just trying to get my mind off bridge," he says in mild self-justification. Neither he nor Serrato has profited by a *centavo*.

"Of course, you can't copyright a thing with antecedents like that," Santos explains. "We borrowed from games that had been borrowed from other games in a long illegitimate line that probably traces back a thousand years to China.

"Take bridge: it got its name in London in the 1890's but it was brought there from Cairo, and the games that were its ancestors were played in Turkey and Russia centuries ago. Rummy is an obvious descendant of cooncan. But cooncan? Who even knows where such a name came from?"

Research has answered that question. Some 200 years ago, Spain's American colonists, probably including those in Montevideo, diverted themselves with a game called *con quien?*—meaning *with whom?* Zachary Taylor's army picked it up in Mexico in 1846, Anglicized it with soldierly disregard of phonetic shadings, and passed it on to the waves of pioneers who were pressing on to California.

Reincarnated as cooncan, it somehow made its devious way back to the clubs of modern South America in time to be incorporated in another Spanish-American invasion, canasta.

Segundo Santos is quite right. You can't copyright a thing with antecedents like that.

History records only one indispensable man—Adam.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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ETERNAL MASTERPIECES

FROM THE FAMED LOUVRE IN PARIS

The Louvre in Paris is a fabulous treasure-house of beauty. On its walls hang paintings which have dazzled generations with their splendor, their magnificence, their breath-taking virtuosity in the delineation of human character. Here, in *Crispin and Scapin*, Honoré Daumier, the great French satirist, has dipped his brush in acid to capture with merciless accuracy the cupidity, greed and self-satisfaction of two swindlers, whispering together in the fine, hot moment of conspiracy.

Reproductions of the paintings from *Art Treasures of the Louvre*, copyright 1951 by Harry N. Abrams, Inc., publishers, New York, 14.

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HOLBEIN

This striking portrait has a wry story. In 1539, Cromwell suggested that Henry VIII take as his fourth wife Anne of Cleves, a German princess. Hans Holbein, of the German school, sent to paint her, returned with this masterpiece. When Henry saw Anne herself, he sighed over the superiority of art to reality —and annulled the marriage later.

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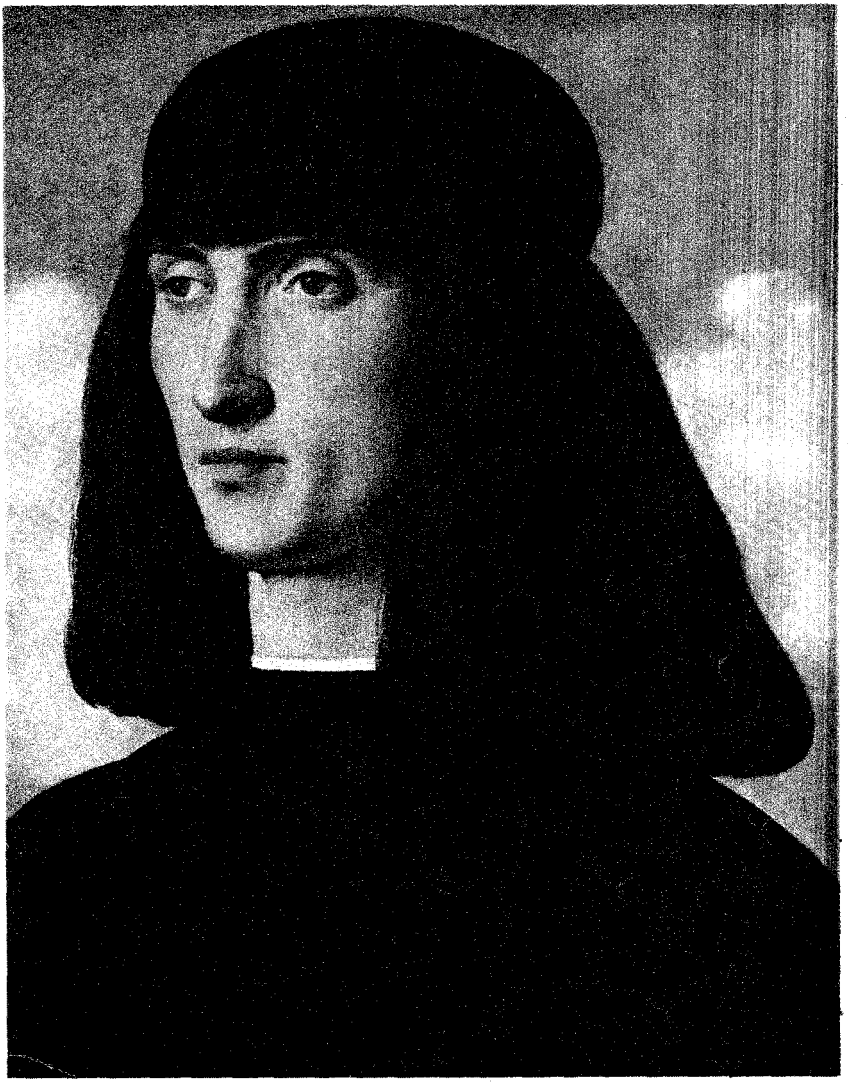

BELLINI

There is an imperishable quality in art—a magical, almost frightening power to hold time back, to make centuries seem as moments. Is it not hard to realize that this young Italian nobleman, with his serene, untroubled gaze, sat for this portrait in the studio of the great Venetian painter, Giovanni Bellini, more than 450 years ago?

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VAN DYCK

Few great artists had so swift and glittering a career as Anthonis Van Dyck. Child prodigy at 16, painter of British royalty at 20, a gallant whose charm and ability led to a knighthood, he died at 42. This *Portrait of Charles I of England* exemplifies his skill in conveying a sense of dignity, a regal bearing, an elegance beyond description.

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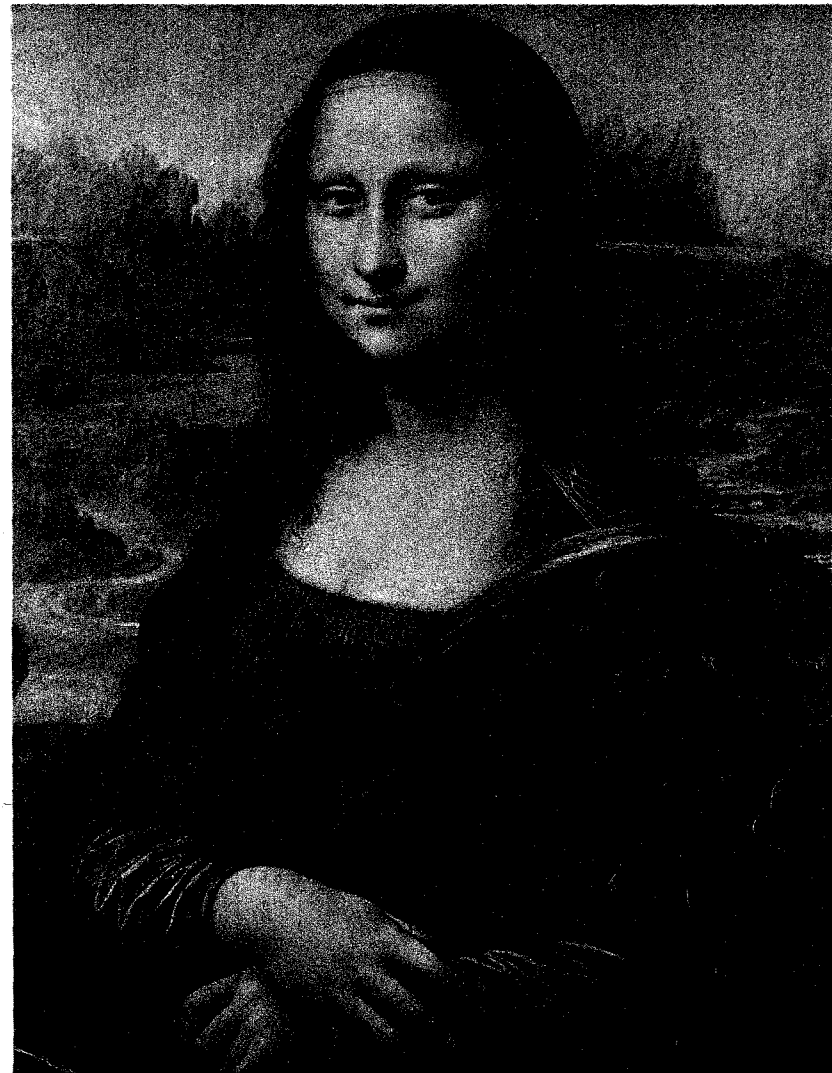

DA VINCI

The most celebrated portrait ever painted—such is the *Mona Lisa,* by Leonardo da Vinci. She is said to have been the wife of one of Leonardo's friends. But the enigmatic smile, the subtle, watchful humor of the eyes, the mystery of what she thought as she sat for one of the universal geniuses of all time—these have baffled the world.

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VAN GOGH

A tortured man, Dutch-born Vincent van Gogh painted with almost barbaric fury, as if with the very flames burning deep within his deranged mind. This portrait of Dr. Gachet, a psychiatrist who treated him after he cut off his own ear, was done in 1890 when Vincent was 37. A few months later, in a moment of utter despair, van Gogh took his life.

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REYNOLDS

Not many painters were as industrious—or successful—as Sir Joshua Reynolds, 18th-century painter of English aristocracy. His portraits alone exceed 2,000! He deftly flattered his subjects, making women beautiful, men handsome; when he dealt with children, as in his charming *Master Hare*, nature made his work far less difficult.

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DÜRER

Albrecht Dürer, the great Nuremberg artist-engraver, was superbly gifted. Here, in a self-portrait done at 22, he looks out at us over the chasm of four centuries: thoughtful, questioning yet confident, fitting representative of a golden age when man first beheld, and began to understand, the wonder and promise that was himself.

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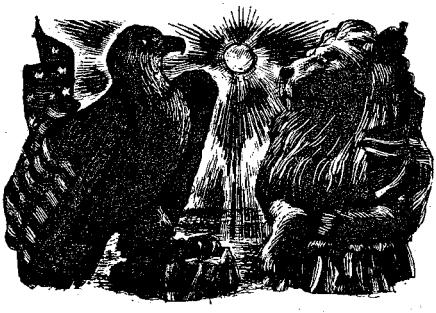
It's time to take a look at . . .

What We Get from BRITAIN



by CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER

FOR CENTURIES a group of islands in the North Sea no larger than the state of Oregon has exercised vast influence over the world and its people. In peace and in war, in booms and depressions, the 50,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain have triumphed over incredible obstacles to maintain their indomitable position as a keystone of our Western civilization.

They face a crisis today, but crisis is nothing new, for they are the people whose tiny ships rolled back the menace of the Spanish Armada. They alone smashed the Continental might of Napoleon, and hurled defiance at Hitler while all the world wondered. Since the Roman invasion 2,000 years ago, crisis has achieved an almost jaunty normalcy for the British people in their island fortress only a few miles from Europe's stormy mainland.

Their survival value, like an iceberg, always seems to lie hidden two-thirds below the surface. That is why experts, misinterpreting their national habit of self-deprecation, have so often counted them out. But the British have a way of outliving their own obituary writers.

When former U. S. Ambassador Lewis Douglas presented his credentials at the Court of St. James in 1947, he called Britain "a good risk." He was endorsing the Washington policy which has, since the end of World War II, pumped some $7.7 billions in economic aid into Britain's lifestream. Our purpose was three-fold: to help Britain recover from the devastation of war, to assist her toward economic self-sufficiency again, and to strengthen the overall power of the West to resist Communist aggression.

Has our investment paid off? Or have our billions gone to shore up a tottering Empire whose doom has already been sealed by inexorable changes in world patterns of trade and military power?

For an answer, consider the case of the British planter from Pahang. We met him two years ago in

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London. The conversation touched on Britain's role in Korea. The planter spoke quietly:

"One afternoon on my rubber estate in Malaya, I was reading the latest Singapore papers. In a Washington dispatch, one of your Congressmen was quoted as saying that we—the British—were dragging our feet in Korea.

"Half my rubber trees had just been burned by Chinese Communist bandits. My workers had been terrorized and some slaughtered. A week earlier, my brother, his wife and their little girl had been burned to death.

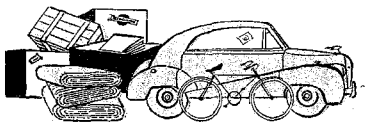
"We had been fighting Communists in the treacherous Malayan jungle for over three years. We had poured millions of pounds and hundreds of lives into the Malayan war.

"Although we are still fighting there—with some 140,000 British and local troops—we in Malaya are managing to provide the free nations with one-third of the world's output of natural rubber and tin."

Then he concluded without rancor: "When I read that dispatch, our war was three years old. The Korean war was one year old. We British had been the first nation to follow your lead in Korea. But I had not seen a single Yank fighting with us in the jungle!

"I thought your Congressman was a bit unfair in his judgment of us. I thought, in fact, that he didn't know a good ally when he saw one."

Britain is still fighting Communists in a five-year-old shooting war in Malaya. Her stake—and ours—is not tin and rubber alone. Malaya straddles a world crossroads. If the British line were to break, Malaya's capture by Communists might mean



the loss of all Southeast Asia. In contrast, Korea would then become a side show.

Yet, without our aid, would Britain be standing firm there today? And if she were not, what could we possibly do about it?

Today, thanks in part to American financial aid, Britain's armed forces total more than 1,000,000—proportionately slightly higher than our own. But where no more than half our servicemen are now on duty outside the U. S., eight out of ten Britishers are serving overseas. Besides Malaya and Korea, they are stationed at 17 danger points as highly charged as Hong Kong, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and the Suez Canal. About 50,000 Tommies now guard the Canal Zone, and it is the Royal Navy which watches our own vessels as they pass through the Canal.

Britain, now in her 14th year of Universal Military Training, has contributed to General Ridgeway's European command the biggest armored force of all the NATO countries, including our own. Latest reports, which are necessarily unofficial, indicate that nearly five British divisions range along the Iron Curtain, of which three are equipped with Britain's massive 50-ton Centurion tanks.

Many military experts consider the Centurion the finest heavy tank in the West today. In Korea, its reputation is so formidable that Gen. John O'Daniel, then Commander

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of the U. S. First Corps, told British officers: "You in your Centurions have taught the whole Eighth Army Corps that even the tops of mountains are tank country."

Even more startling is Britain's growing air strength. A NATO officer in Paris assembled for us the facts on Britain's air contribution to the war against Communism.

"Of 4,000 planes that NATO plans to build this year," he said, "the United Kingdom is building one-third. Most European air forces now depend on Britain for the latest in jet fighters. Belgium, Holland and France, for instance, now use British jet Vampires and Meteors. The RAF today is the best equipped, most powerful air arm in Western Europe."

Britain, swiftly reactivating the Royal Navy, is the world's No. 2 sea power. And her humming factories are producing more armaments than the rest of Western Europe combined.

WEAPONS COME HIGH, but Britain is stretching the dollars. When Averill Harriman, who was then Director of MSA, discussed a $416,000,000 appropriation for Britain, he told several Congressional committees: "If this amount were not made available, it would be necessary for the United Kingdom to reduce its defense effort by more than twice as much."

So, for every dollar Britain gets under MSA, we get two dollars worth of striking power.

But the bulk of Britain's effort is paid for by the British subject himself. He barrel-scrapes to meet the world's stiffest taxes. His nation now earmarks 12 per cent of the national output and 39 per cent of the budget for defense.

Before Korea, Britain had—with ECA help—overcome her dollar shortage. She dropped ECA aid 18 months before it was to be officially terminated. Then the picture changed. Korea sparked Western rearmament, and Britain's hard-won recovery was scuttled. American aid was resumed.

When we left England little more than a year ago, the British housewife could flesh out her rations with precious imported "extras" like French cheese, Italian olive oil and Danish ham. Today, import quotas for such dainties have been drastically reduced.

British production is 50 per cent higher than prewar, but the quality goods that Britain makes are earmarked for export, so the nation can maintain its proportionately enormous defense effort.

Friends of ours in London have had British cars on order for as long as six years. Yet Britain today is the world's largest exporter of automobiles—and our New York friends buy them at will.

Although World War II bled Britain white, she has supported a Marshall Plan of her own to assist nations needier than herself. In Parliament at the close of 1951, a Treasury spokesman revealed the extent of Britain's foreign-aid program. The total was a staggering $4,688,000,000, valuing the pound at its old rate of $4, which it still maintains in purchasing power within the far-flung Commonwealth.

Individual recipients of British loans, grants or credits in sterling since the war's end include Austria, Burma, Denmark, France, Ger-

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many, Greece, Italy, Jugoslavia, Holland, Egypt, Jordan, Palestine, Poland and the Sudan.

A British version of America's Point Four program pledges her to spend 300 million pounds over six years on underdeveloped territories. Already, in the Mid-East, she furnishes valuable technical assistance in such fields as pest control, animal husbandry, modern farming and public health.

Her record of financial support of the UN and its specialized agencies has been impressively wholehearted. Of this support, Anthony Nutting, Parliamentary Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, said: "In these contributions, the United Kingdom has taken second place only to the U. S."

TODAY, BRITISH inventiveness seems destined for a new peak, comparable to that of the Victorian era. Consider the field of aircraft design alone.

The annual British air show at Farnborough is to aviation what the Paris fashion collections are to dress design. From the drawing boards of British air technicians comes a wealth of new engine and plane designs, some of which the U. S. manufactures under British license.

One American air line recently contracted for the purchase of a fleet of British Comet jet transports (the first jet plane designed, built and used for commercial operations). This marked the first time in aviation history that a U. S. air line has ever ordered other than American designed and built planes.

In a pub in the ancient cathedral city of Norwich during the anxious days of the Berlin Airlift, we once heard British inventiveness spelled out for Americans.

Norwich is near one of the first postwar U. S. air bases in Britain. We now have 10 operational bases in England, plus 16 supply and training centers, supporting more than 30,000 American troops. Our airmen have become used to the English and their ways. But at that time, they weren't.

An American sergeant, slightly in his cups, was sounding off. The British were dragging their feet. They were played out—a dying force, a spent candle.

The pub keeper, a stocky East Anglian with a ruddy face and grizzled hair, ran his towel along the bar, then leaned forward.

"Sergeant," he said quietly, "it's not a British publican's place to argue with patrons. But just once, I'm going to break the rules."

The sergeant looked surprised.

"Suppose, my lad, that about 1930, a tidal wave had eliminated this island. You Yanks would be in more of a pickle than you realize. I'm not going to mention the Battle of Britain because you're a soldier and you know all about that."

The old, dark-walled pub had fallen silent. Britishers and Americans alike stopped to listen.

"Your sea captains and your pilots might be having a rough time now, because without us you probably would not have radar. We invented it. You can thank us because a Britisher—Sir Alexander Fleming—discovered penicillin just in time to save thousands of American lives. And the sulpha drugs were developed in laboratories near London.

"I'm no scholar, but I do know that this played-out country has

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contributed a few trifles that are quite useful—the railroad, the army tank, the jet plane and the Eisenhower jacket which was a version of our own battle dress."

The sergeant grunted in protest. "We might have invented those things ourselves."

"Certainly, you might," the pubkeeper smiled, "but you didn't. And we did!"

The sergeant grinned apologetically. "Well, chief, I guess I sounded off a little too much." Then he looked mischievous. "But no matter how smart you Limeys are, you remain a backward, unenlightened people—you still don't know enough to ice your drinks."

The argument broke up in a roar of laughter. Only recently, former Prime Minister Clement Attlee made a remark that recalled that night in Norwich.

"I have often said that the hallmark of civilization is the tolerance of differences. It is the sign of a civilized man that he can be friendly with someone else, without wishing that his friend should agree with him in everything."

THE FEVER CHART of Anglo-American relations has had its violent ups and downs ever since the first shot was fired at Concord. But mutual self-interest has preserved the basic unity.

By 1975, says the President's Materials Policy Commission, the U. S. may face a 20 per cent deficit in raw materials. We may then need desperately the friendly nation to whose young Queen one member in every four of the human race owes some manner of allegiance, and which controls, however tentatively, about one-fifteenth of the earth's surface.

The British Commonwealth and Empire now produces approximately one-fifth of the world's bread, half its natural rubber, more than half its wool, almost one-third its rice, one-eighth its iron ore, almost half its tin, almost two-thirds of its manganese, and virtually all its asbestos and nickel.

Moreover, in aiding Britain, we are aiding an ally not subject to murderous political squalls, not given to internal violence, and whose Communist Party is tiny to the point of insignificance.

We are also underwriting the practice of democracy as we ourselves understand it. It was Britain from whom we received the title deeds of our democratic heritage: trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, freedom of assembly, representative government, religious freedom, freedom of thought and, the keystone of justice, equality before the law.

Our stake in Britain—the stake our dollars help to preserve—are those tangible intangibles necessary to a world which wants to live without fear of secret police or concentration camps. Our stake is the Mother of Parliaments, the peace and beauty of an English village, the great voice of Churchill and the language of Shakespeare, the scream of the jet plane, the pages of Dickens, God's mighty houses of Westminster and Canterbury, the vast breathing sprawl of London, the quiet downlands and the gray seas which British seamen have guarded

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since the shattering defeat of the "invincible" Spanish Armada.

What are the dollar-and-cent values of such things to a world in torment? What was the assessed value of Montgomery and Alexander at Alamein, of the RAF's "few" over the cliffs of England?

What valuation does the free world place upon the Magna Carta, guarded preciously by the U. S. Government during World War II —that document which enunciated the doctrine upon which our democracy is built: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we deny or delay, right and justice."

What do we get from Britain? Well, back in 1948 in the Comrie coal-mine in Fifeshire, we saw Scottish miners installing their newest Joy Loader and Conveyor, an American mining device bought with ECA dollars. We have thought since that from the Comrie came coal loaded by an American machine, which powered the London turbines which provided the electricity for the single light-bulb hanging over the drawing board of the designer of a plane destined to strike at America's foes in Korea.

The American dollars needed to buy that machine for Britain were few. How many times greater than its price our return will be, only history that is written in a free world can ever tell.

Rx for Improvement

WHEN AN ARCHER misses the mark he turns and looks for the fault within himself. Failure to hit the bull's eye is never the fault of the target. To improve your aim, improve yourself. —*Forbes Magazine*

THERE ARE admirable potentialities in every human being. Believe in your strength and your youth. Learn to repeat endlessly to yourself: "It all depends on me."
—André Gide

MY GREAT concern is not whether you have failed, but whether you are content with your failure.
—Abraham Lincoln

COULD I CLIMB to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim: "Fellow citizens, why do you turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children to whom one day you must relinquish it all?" —*Socrates*

PEOPLE COULD take a lesson in personality from the flowers. One reason why a gardenia's so popular is because it never tries to smell like a rose. —Elmira Roessler (NBC)

A MAN'S BIGGEST mistake is to believe that he's working only for someone else. —*Nashua Cavalier*

WE CANNOT ALL be great but we can always attach ourselves to something that is great.
—Harry Emerson Fosdick (*Quote*)

NOTHING WILL ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome. —Samuel Johnson

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"I'll Take You Home Again"

by TED MALONE

REMEMBER THE SONG, "I'll take you home again, Kathleen, across the ocean wild and wide"?

Thomas Westendorf wrote the song. He wrote more than 300 songs, but *Kathleen* was the only one that ever became lastingly popular. As for the story of why or how *Kathleen* was written, there are conflicting versions. Kathleen, one will tell you, was Westendorf's beautiful Irish wife, the mother of his baby son, who was taken ill and died.

Kathleen was heartbroken over the death of her baby and homesick for Ireland "across the ocean wild and wide." The young husband watched his wife pine away, until finally he resolved to take her home again. That was the story told for many years, and everybody believed it—until someone discovered that Westendorf's wife's name was Jane, not Kathleen!

Then a new story developed. People said that Kathleen was Westendorf's pet name for his wife Jane, who was not Irish but German. And he did take her home again—to Germany—where they lived happily ever afterward. That's a good story, too, only it isn't true, either.

Mrs. Westendorf's name was Jane, but her husband didn't call her "Kathleen," he called her "Jennie." And she wasn't from Ireland or Germany, but from Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The song was written in Plainfield, Indiana, which is not on the other side of any "ocean wild and wide" from Ogdensburg. The song was written in 1875, when Thomas and Jennie had been married only a few months. They hadn't lost any children, because they hadn't had any. And Jennie-Kathleen wasn't homesick, because she was at home . . . she had gone home to visit her family, and Thomas had had to stay in Plainfield because of his work.

He was sitting under a tree one evening, missing his bride, and remembering how he had promised to go to Ogdensburg with her. Also, he was feeling a little lonesome. And so, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," was the result—with the situation dramatized and touched up to make a better song.

Ted Malone stars on the Ted Malone Show, *ABC radio network, Monday through Friday.*

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THE COAST GUARD: Heroes of Land and Sea

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

An eternally vigilant government service is prepared for any maritime emergency

A DRAMATIC RELAY race with death took place on a raw December afternoon in 1948. It began aboard the 75-foot trawler *Gloria F*, lying ten miles off the eastern shore of Long Island, and ended in a Staten Island hospital.

All that morning, Jacob Fandhaaland, 31-year-old deck hand on the *Gloria F*, had been bothered by a nagging pain. Toward noon, he doubled up, clutching his side.

The crew consulted hurriedly. Fandhaaland was desperately ill, almost certainly of acute appendicitis. Emergency surgery was the only hope. Their fishing boat was not built for speed, so obviously they must have outside help—and that meant the Coast Guard.

At exactly 12:14, the *Gloria F's* SOS was received by a Coast Guard District Office in New York City. In a matter of seconds, the message was relayed to the Coast Guard air station at Floyd Bennett Field. Three minutes later, Lieuts. Elmer A. Crock and George Wittler, Jr. were aloft in a big PBY Catalina flying boat. With them was Chief Pharmacist's Mate Eric Binder to care for the patient.

In 55 minutes the PBY settled onto a bay at Southampton. There it was met by a Coast Guard patrol boat which had raced to the *Gloria F*, and Fandhaaland was transferred to the Catalina. At 1:44 P.M., just 90 minutes after receipt of the SOS, the flying boat was back at Floyd Bennett Field.

But still the race with death was not over. Fandhaaland was transferred once more—this time to a Coast Guard helicopter piloted by Lieut. David Gershowitz. And at 1:57 P. M., the helicopter descended gently to the lawn of the U. S.

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Marine Hospital on Staten Island. A successful operation for acute appendicitis was under way less than two hours after the *Gloria F's* call for help went out.

JACOB FANDHAALAND is only one of many thousands who owe their lives to the vigilance and efficiency of the Coast Guard. In peace and in war, this remarkable service is, as its motto *Semper Paratus* proclaims, always ready to meet any maritime emergency, and to perform a host of other duties as well. For all the facilities of the Coast Guard will be put into instant service whether one life is in danger, or, as in the case of the grounded U. S. Army Transport *Clarksdale Victory*, many lives.

Winter came early on the North Pacific in 1947, bringing with it unusually bitter weather and rough seas. The *Clarksdale Victory*, a 7,750-ton transport with 53 crew members aboard, was steaming south from Whittier, Alaska, and due to arrive in Seattle for Thanksgiving.

On the night of November 24, the *Victory* was caught in mountainous seas. Charts showed that the ship should be 25 miles from the nearest land, yet there, in the fog dead ahead, loomed a rocky coastline. Fifty-foot breakers swept the vessel helplessly forward.

There was time for only one frantic SOS when, with a grinding crash, the *Victory* struck a ledge off tiny Hippa Island. The stern section sank into the icy depths, carrying 49 of the crew.

Despite the weather, search planes took off immediately from the Coast Guard Air Detachment at Annette Island, Alaska; and the *Wachusett* and *Citrus*, two Coast Guard ships nearest the scene of the disaster, changed course, as did the merchant vessel *S. S. Denali*.

Shortly after daybreak the following morning, Lieut. Comdr. O. D. Weed, Jr., pilot of one of the search planes, located the *Victory* and reported she had broken in two. Now the question was: "How many, if any, got ashore?"

The answer came soon enough. Weed, circling the scene, radioed that he could see only four survivors on the beach.

Still, there might be others. Meanwhile there were the known survivors—exposed and possibly badly injured—who must be rescued quickly from the gale-swept island. The Coast Guard redoubled efforts. Planes dropped survival gear and emergency rations to the four survivors; other aircraft gave radio directions to the *Denali*, now five miles offshore, and a small boat was lowered in an attempt to reach the marooned men. But the boat could not get through the heavy seas. Now it was up to rescue planes to make a successful landing on the waters closer in.

That a landing *was* made, and that members of the rescue party—Lieut. Comdr. F. J. Scheiber and two enlisted men, Stephen Shost and Leon F. Tanner—got ashore in a rubber life raft, is one of the miracles of Coast Guard history. That rescue parties from the cutters *Wachusett* and *Citrus*, arriving later the same day, also got ashore through the heavy surf and helped evacuate the survivors and search for bodies is another miracle.

But Coast Guard records bulge with matter-of-fact reports on thou-

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sands of such miracles. Those four survivors of the *Victory*, suffering from exposure, shock and injuries, were just four of some 5,800 persons rescued from peril or death by the Coast Guard each year, and the *Victory's* SOS but one of more than 15,000 calls for assistance.

THOUGH HEROISM is the Coast Guard's everyday business, rescue work is only one of its myriad functions. In 1943, when floodwaters cascaded over thousands of square miles of rich farmland in Missouri and southern Illinois, almost every type of Coast Guard equipment was pressed into service —motorboats, barges, cutters, planes. In some sections, boats cruised constantly, day and night, bringing in stranded persons from outlying districts.

When, in April, 1947, a gigantic explosion rocked Texas City, Texas, bringing death and injury to scores of persons and setting fire to the entire waterfront, the Coast Guard was among the first to reach the scene with rescue workers. Ten minutes after the blast a patrol boat from the Galveston Life Saving Station was on its way to the stricken community, followed by fireboats, cutters and craft from other Coast Guard installations.

Disregarding personal danger, Coast Guard forces fought raging dockside fires, isolated burning vessels, performed guard duty, searched still smoldering ruins for injured, and transported stranded persons to places of safety.

Thus the Coast Guard, with its peacetime strength of 35,000 officers and enlisted men, is accustomed to doing a multitude of miscellaneous jobs. If men assigned to one type of duty are suddenly called upon to perform a job normally done by another branch of the service, they meet the emergency with calm efficiency. Exactly this happened when the crew of the cutter *Bibb*, assigned to a North Atlantic weather observation station, performed one of the most spectacular rescue operations in Coast Guard history.

The *Bibb*, Capt. Paul Cronk, was taking its tour of duty at Weather Station "Charlie," 800 miles east of Argentia, Newfoundland. Patrolling its stormy ten-mile square of ocean was lonely, grueling and monotonous. But on October 14, 1947, the men aboard the *Bibb* found the monotony of their routine job punctuated with drama and peril.

The previous day, the transatlantic flying boat, *Bermuda Sky Queen*, had taken off from Ireland for Newfoundland. En route, she passed over the *Bibb*. Some 100 miles west of the weather station, the pilot, Capt. Charles Martin, found that violent head winds had eaten so deeply into his fuel supply that he could not risk the safety of his passengers by going on to Gander. So he decided to double back to the *Bibb*.

At 7 A.M. on the 14th, the cutter received a report that the *Sky Queen* was returning for a landing. There were 62 passengers and seven crew members aboard, and the men on the *Bibb* knew that, once the landing was accomplished, those 69 lives would become their responsibility.

Soon, the plane was sighted. Gale winds were blowing and waves

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running as high as 35 feet, but she made a perfect landing.

Moderating weather had been predicted, however, which would reduce the hazard in transferring survivors to the cutter. But by 3 P.M., the weather showed no improvement. Furthermore, the *Sky Queen* radioed that the plane was beginning to leak.

Three merchant seamen, passengers aboard the *Queen*, volunteered to make the first trip to the *Bibb*. They leaped from the plane into a small rubber life raft, and waited until the *Bibb's* motor surfboat fought its way to their side. The whole operation was completed successfully in only a few moments.

Now a larger raft was passed to the *Sky Queen*, and three more boatloads of survivors were brought to the *Bibb*. But on the next trip, with 16 persons aboard, the raft broke adrift and began to sink. Then the surfboat was swamped and began to break up, leaving many persons floundering in the water.

Here was the greatest test for the *Bibb's* crew. While the cutter moved in on the swamped surfboat and sinking raft, Coast Guardsmen climbed down landing nets, ready to snatch from death those struggling in the water. By miracles of courage and effort, all were saved.

By this time darkness had fallen and rescue operations had to be suspended, with 22 persons still on the plane. But the big flying boat safely weathered the night and, at dawn, the *Bibb* was able to radio the proud news that all from the *Sky Queen* were safely aboard.

Lilliputian Logic

"YOU MUSTN'T pull the cat's tail," a mother warned her small son.

"I'm only holding it, Mom," the youngster replied quite seriously. "The cat is pulling."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A SMALL GIRL giggled after the teacher had told the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You don't really doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?" asked the teacher.

"No ma'am," the child replied, "but I wonder why he didn't swim across the river four times and get back to the side where his clothes were."

—*English Digest*

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD was helping her mother husk corn. It was her first experience at husking, and the child undertook the task eagerly. But after working at it a while she sighed wearily and concluded, "Whoever wrapped these certainly knew what they were doing!"

—BILL GOLD (*The Washington Post*)

"MY LITTLE GIRL was quite skeptical about the power of prayer," confessed a minister, "but she was finally convinced. She petitioned the Lord to help her pass her swimming test at school and, in her own words, 'It took Him two weeks, but He did it!' "

—*The Pulpit Treasury of Wit and Humor*, Israel Weisfeld (Prentice-Hall)

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From Opera to TV with HELEN TRAUBEL

The Metropolitan star is equally at home with the music of Wagner or Durante

by SAM BOAL

HELEN TRAUBEL is a large, handsome woman who is perhaps the best singer in the world; certainly she is the best-paid in her field, since last year she earned something more than $300,000.

She is the author of two murder mysteries. Her recordings have sold more than those of most classical artists in history. Moreover, she is a top-level radio and TV star, excelling in a field not usually associated with symphony orchestras. In addition to the people who see her at the august Metropolitan Opera House (there hasn't been a vacant seat at a Traubel performance in five years), millions of concert lovers across the land hear her every year.

She is a homebody and the kind of cook whose picture might be printed on a box of biscuit mix. But possibly her outstanding distinction is that though she has achieved her position in a world peopled largely by persons of non-American tradition, Helen Traubel is basically still what she started out being—a girl from St. Louis, Missouri.

"I am as American as apple pie," she says, often adding, "with a wedge of cheese."

This is not to say that there are no other Americans who have risen to fame in the difficult and special world of the opera. But there is no one who has outdone Traubel in artistic eminence, and there is certainly no one—American or European—in that world who can one day sing Richard Wagner and the next day sing Jimmy Durante.

An early TV rehearsal illustrates the broad scope of her talents. Helen—no one but her husband ever calls her "Miss Traubel"—was appearing as a guest on the Durante show. Part of the show was a skit in which Durante manages to throw into total confusion a long-hair musicale to which Helen had foolishly invited him.

Durante pushes Helen around, insults the elegant guests, gets his nose stuck in a harp, and the show winds up when Helen, in despair, literally pushes the piano to pieces.

It was a role more suited to a halfback than a diva, but not only

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did Helen act her part with mountainous strength, but as she looked down at the unfortunate Durante with his nose wedged in the harp, she remarked casually, "He plays real sincere, don't he?"

The rehearsal audience broke into roars of laughter, Durante extricated himself—all grins—from the harp, and the gag was instantly written into the show.

Helen had ad-libbed a joke for Durante—in perfect Durante idiom. And Durante, as everyone in show business knows, or soon learns, is not an easy man to top.

IT MAY COME as a surprise to those who don't know her that Helen can step from the opera world to the rather rowdy world of the breakaway piano with such assurance, but it never surprises her friends. And it clearly doesn't surprise Helen herself. She is a hard taskmaster. She drives her accompanist hard; she drives her manager hard. But the person she drives hardest is herself.

She absolutely refuses to do anything but the best, and best to her means perfect. By her logic, each performance must somehow be better than the last. This year's "Isolde" has got to be better than last year's—or last week's. This striving for perfection extends to other fields, too.

When it was first suggested to Durante that he might use Helen as a guest to make his program different, he chewed savagely at his cigar. "Helen?" he said. "Yeah, I know she can sing. But what I wanna know is, can she strut?"

Durante's comment was relayed to Helen. Her response was immediate. "Strut? Sure I can strut!" As an afterthought, she said, "Only you may not call it that."

Durante rehearsed with her and she worked as earnestly at that cakewalk as she might have at a new operatic role. Today, Helen can definitely strut, Durante style, and her blues shouting of *Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee* sounds as if it came straight from a New Orleans fish fry.

Most singers who have become as famous as Traubel could perhaps be excused for permitting themselves an occasional burst of "artistic temperament." In fact, singers who are nowhere within peeking distance of her talent and achievements are temperamental all over the place. But not Helen; her peace of mind comes built in.

She has been known to lay down her knitting backstage at the Met, stride onstage in her Wagnerian costume, sing an exhausting stretch of music, stride offstage and pick up her knitting without dropping a stitch. She often walks to her singing engagements, and, if she can, even takes a subway, a mode of transportation she particularly likes because it gets her closer to people than any other kind.

Fragile coloraturas have been seen to shudder on hearing Helen make some such announcement as her recent bit of advice to a student spear-carrier backstage at the Metropolitan, who had asked the great Traubel how to succeed. "Singing is like baseball," she said. "It all depends on your equipment."

Helen's "equipment" is formidable indeed. She weighs 185 pounds, stands five feet ten inches, but is not fat. Most of her weight is in her

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shoulders, and in her chest which she uses for singing.

It is not generally known, but singing any grand opera is hard physical labor. Singing Wagner is twice as difficult. In one of Traubel's solos, she sings for exactly 17 minutes without stopping. It is her celebrated and electrifying "Immolation Scene" from *Götterdämmerung*. And this singing is carried on over a full, blaring Wagnerian orchestra of 110 men, whose purpose almost seems to be to drown out the singer at any cost.

The orchestra has yet to be formed that can drown out Helen. Part of the reason is her diet.

"You can't sing what I sing on cucumber sandwiches," she said recently. Yet, though she eats heartily, she is by no means a really heavy eater. She likes hamburgers and she also likes the most complex dish a French chef can concoct. But in general her tastes tend to the home-cooking school, since that is precisely the kind of cook she is.

"I'm the kind of cook who can bake bread," she remarked recently to a friend, "and I've never yet made a rose out of a radish."

Sometimes, when she and her husband—who is also her business manager—have friends in for dinner, the guests are treated to the sight of the great Wagnerian queen basting her sauerbraten while humming something like *Bill Bailey*.

Helen Traubel was born in 1903 above her father's drug store in the midst of the German community of St. Louis. Some people recall their early days with difficulty, or with pain, but not Helen.

"When I remember my family—they were wonderful," she says. "They never objected to my going on the stage. In fact, they gave me every opportunity."

Her earliest recollections are of music, first at the hands of her mother, who fostered her interest, and then—when she was 13—under a St. Louis voice teacher named Vetta Karst.

Miss Karst, a small woman with a huge temper, made Helen almost frantic with her demands that she repeat her exercises until she was correct. One day the young student, driven to tears, flung down her music with the anguished cry, "Oh, I can never satisfy you!"

To which the tart Miss Karst replied: "When you can satisfy me, you won't need me any more."

BUT LIFE was not all hard work. Papa Traubel was a baseball fan and the Traubel family used his season box at will, and it was in those days that Helen first developed her interest in baseball.

"There's a myth around that artists must 'suffer' to develop," she said recently. "I got all the affection I needed, all the discipline I needed, I played a lot and worked a lot. I never knew an artist whose so-called 'suffering' made him a better artist. Suffering doesn't ever make you an artist; it just makes you suffer."

Her work with the redoubtable Miss Karst went on. She studied for ten years, and in 1926 she thought she could sing well enough to try her debut in Lewisohn Stadium in New York. The critics liked her, the public liked her, and the famous Gatti-Casazza, at that time Metropolitan director, liked her. He even offered her a contract

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at the Met, quite a plum for the girl from St. Louis.

But she turned it down. The only one who didn't like Helen Traubel was Helen Traubel.

"I knew I wasn't ready," she says today. "I had to be perfect. And I was far from it."

She returned to St. Louis and the harsh regime of Miss Karst. She stayed under that regime for another eight years, during which time she would perform publicly only as a church soloist.

In 1934—when she was 31—she got a job singing in the annual German song festival. The famed conductor Walter Damrosch had been engaged to conduct the festival. When he heard Helen sing, he excitedly urged her to come East with him and begin her career. But Helen preferred to do more studying. She stayed on, for two more years. But Damrosch didn't forget that thrilling voice, and in 1936 he invited her to come East to sing *The Man Without a Country*. Traubel consented.

The opera was not a success, nor was Helen. She was then virtually as large as she is now, and in one scene she was obliged to thread her way across a narrow bridge into the waiting arms of her tenor, a man considerably smaller than she. It was a tense moment for both cast and audience.

"If I'd slipped and fallen on that little tenor," she says today, "*The Man Without a Country* would have been *The Country Without a Man.*"

But though—in opera terms—Helen was not a success, officials of the National Broadcasting Company were so impressed with what they had heard that they signed her to a $10,000-a-year contract.

It was at this point that she met a businessman named William Bass. They fell in love and—as Helen puts it today—"there was a lot of me to fall in love." Both were married, but both were also separated. As soon as their divorces came through, they got married.

Since Helen had broken her NBC contract, much of her husband's income was spent on her lessons. As a result they didn't have much money. They ate hamburger, went to ten-cent Westerns, haunted free concerts. And she continued studying.

In 1939, they scraped up enough money for a Town Hall concert. Both she and her husband thought by now she was really ready. They were right. The critics and the public went a little out of control, and so did the Metropolitan: they offered her a contract and this time Helen gladly accepted it.

But before she took on her work at the Metropolitan, she sang with the New York Philharmonic, and as part of the program she sang the *Götterdämmerung* "Immolation Scene" already referred to.

Two years later, she sang the same solo under Toscanini. He was so impressed that he offered to make a recording with her, an offer which is prized highly in musical circles. Helen agreed, and the now celebrated record was cut.

Soon after this, Helen began singing the Wagnerian roles which have made her today the brightest star in the Metropolitan's sky, and one of

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the strongest financial assets the Metropolitan has.

Having become a singer the hard way herself, Helen Traubel has no easy method to suggest for other students, even for one whose father happened to be President of the United States. For a time, she gave lessons to a fellow Missourian, Margaret Truman, but as soon as it became apparent that her pupil was trying to go too far too fast, Traubel lost interest.

"I stopped teaching her because I didn't think she was ready for all those appearances," she said afterward. "The offers just kept coming in. I even went to Washington to see her daddy. I told him I couldn't go on if she accepted the offers. Most young singers just don't realize how much they have to study before they're ready."

Today, Mr. and Mrs. William Bass—since she is so likeable and good-natured hardly any of their neighbors know her as "Madame Helen Traubel"—lead a quiet life. She seldom goes to nightclubs, doesn't do much entertaining, and what she does is on a small scale.

William Bass, who acts as her adviser and business manager, is not a professional musician. He seldom goes to her concerts or to the opera. He is probably perfect at managing Helen because she doesn't really need managing. Except for the thousand-and-one details of her tours, such as her recent successful swing through the Orient, she manages herself, and very prettily, too.

The other reason William Bass is suitable is that he likes baseball. And so does Helen, though here again her first love—music—as usual plays a part.

Helen has always been a fan of the St. Louis Browns. She knows all the players, often goes on the playing field to talk to them, and has batted out many a ball in pregame gag sessions, though she stiffly declines to reveal her batting average.

Lately she has not seen a World Series game, which is a real hardship for so enthusiastic a fan. The reason she denies herself the pleasure is that the Series always occurs just as the fall concert season is getting under way.

Since she couldn't go to a baseball game without shouting herself hoarse, she simply stays home. She knows that in a contest between Helen the Brünnhilde and Helen the baseball fan, the Brünnhilde will always win, because Brünnhilde is the perfectionist Helen.

"What can I do?" she says with a shrug, and perhaps the suggestion of a laugh at herself. "I just have to be as fine a singer as I can."

Such Looks

"DON'T YOU THINK she looks terrible in that low-cut gown?" a glamour girl remarked. Her escort replied with a wry smile: "Not as far as I can see."

—MIKE CONNOLLY

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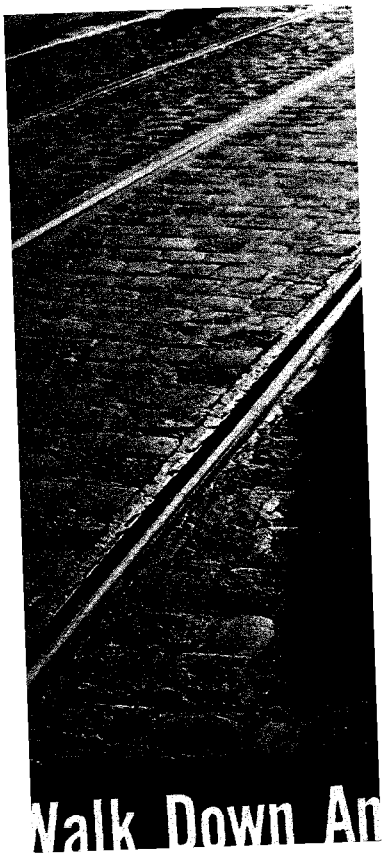

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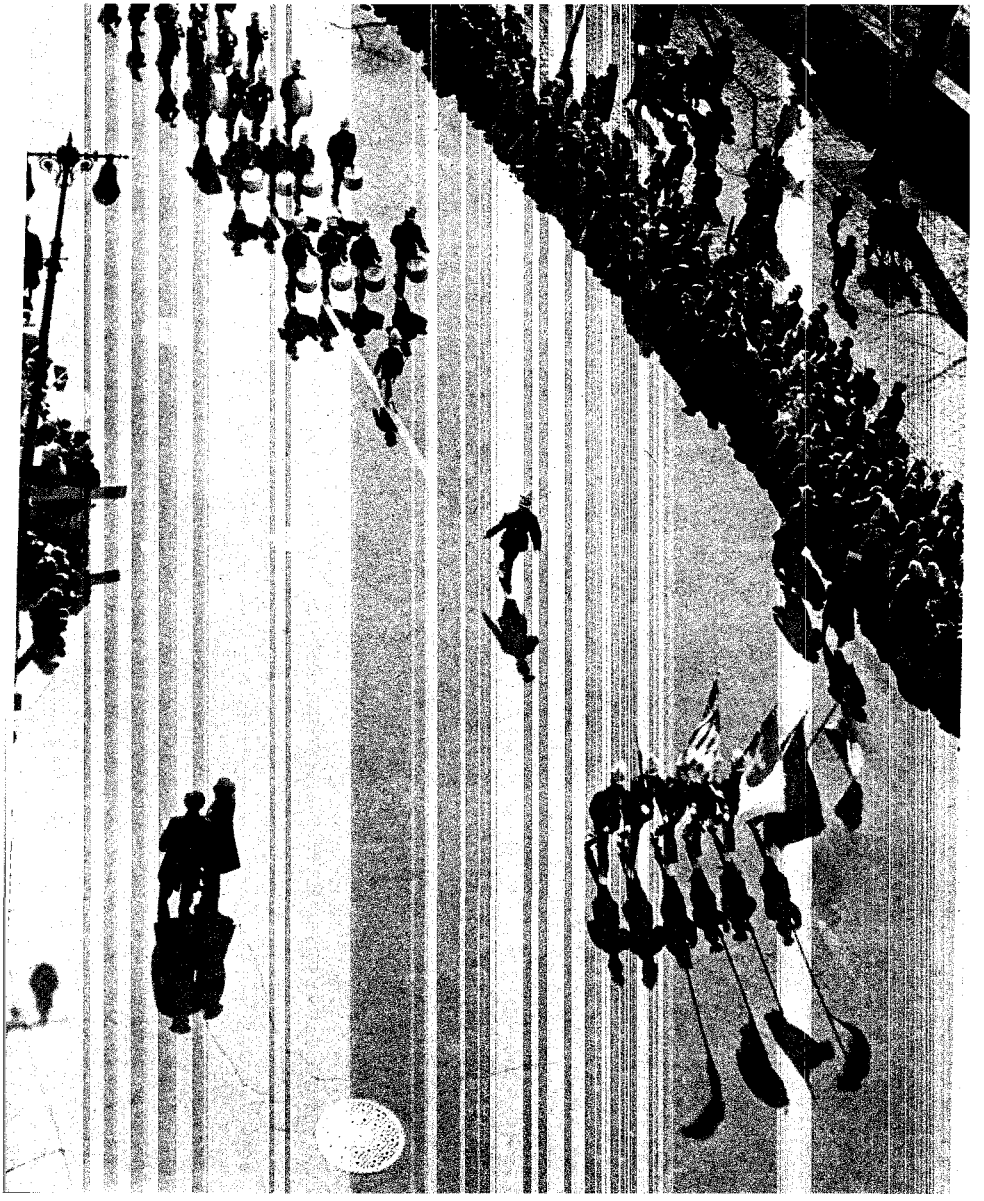

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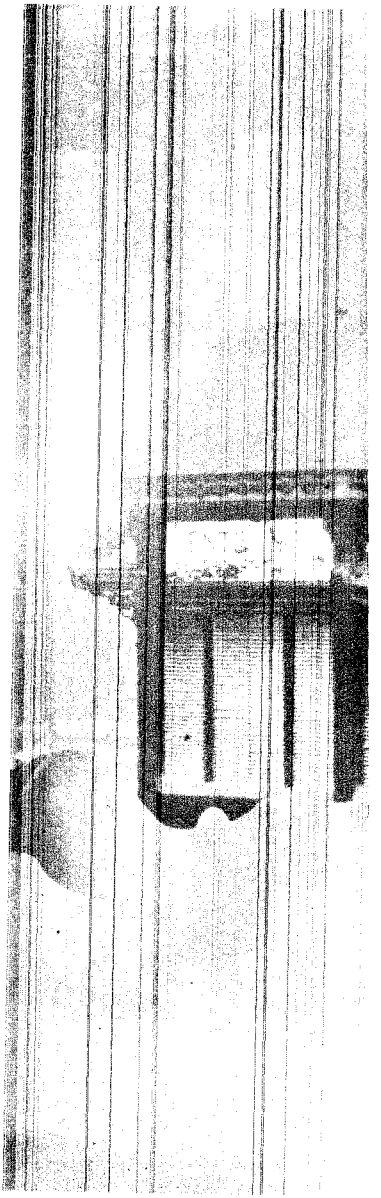

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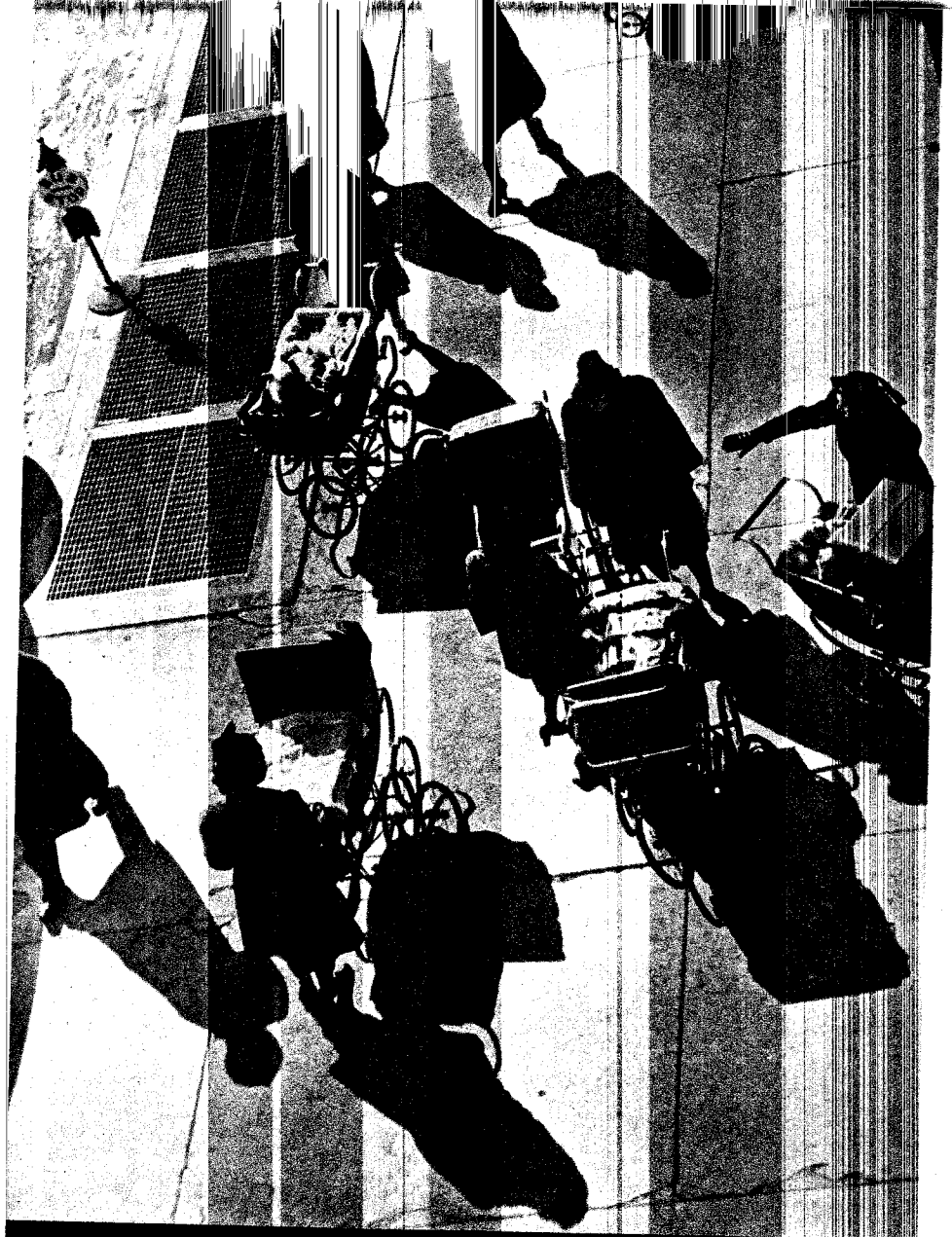

The street is the free social club of the people. Here the mothers gather, and the old men sit quietly over their chess games. In front of the cigar stores the baseball fans argue, the small gamblers pitch pennies, the political scientists read headlines and wrangle long into the night.

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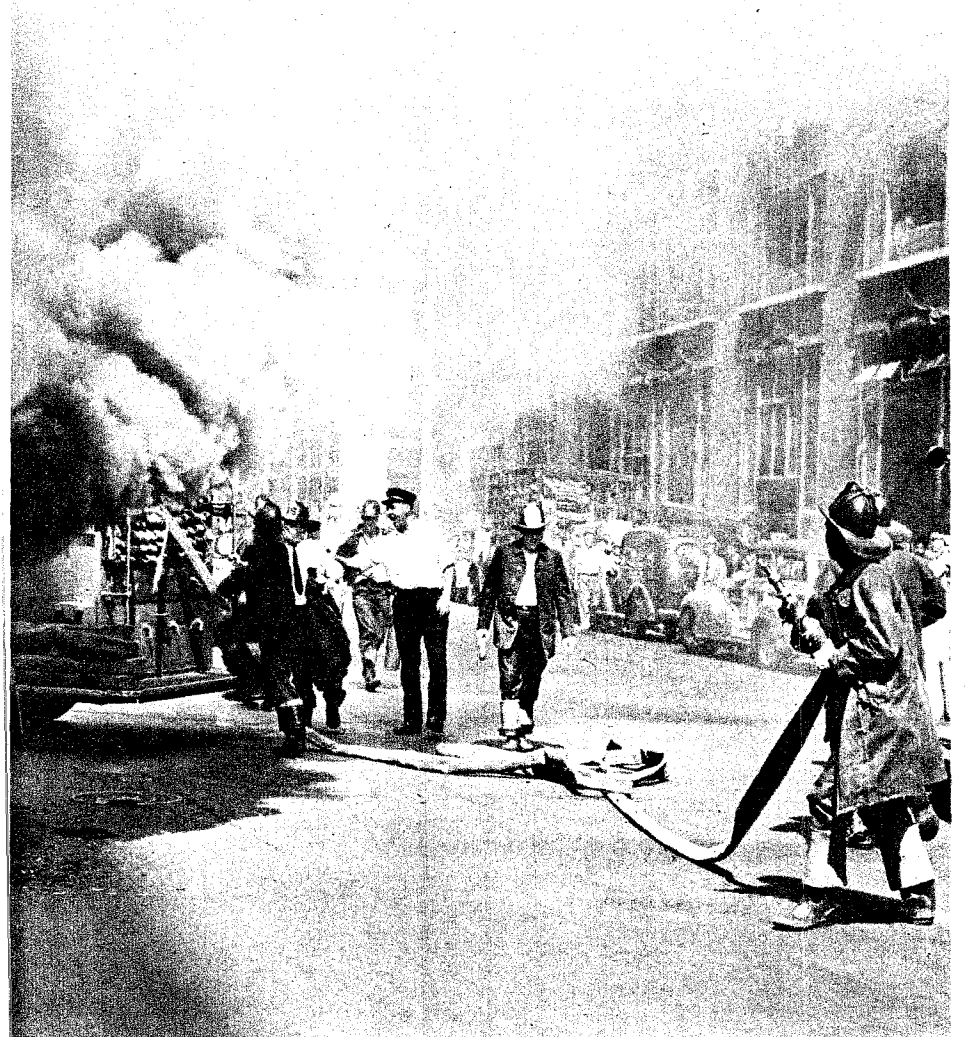

Tragedy and disaster are no strangers to the street. Any morning on your way to work, you may see somebody's world going up in a burst of flame, and you will turn away filled with a new knowledge of human helplessness. Nobody knows pity like those who walk in the streets.

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Let no country man feel sorry for the Huck Finns of the street. Who but a city kid knows the fine tangle of the backyards, or the games that can be played in the boxed-off squares of a sidewalk? Who else has ever sailed matches in the rivers that run along the curbstones after rain?

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At Christmastime, trucks loaded with evergreens roll in from the mountains, spilling a scent of balsam through the streets. Overnight a forest grows in the city—tall trees in the public squares, little apartment-sized trees stacked in rows on every corner in the home neighborhoods.

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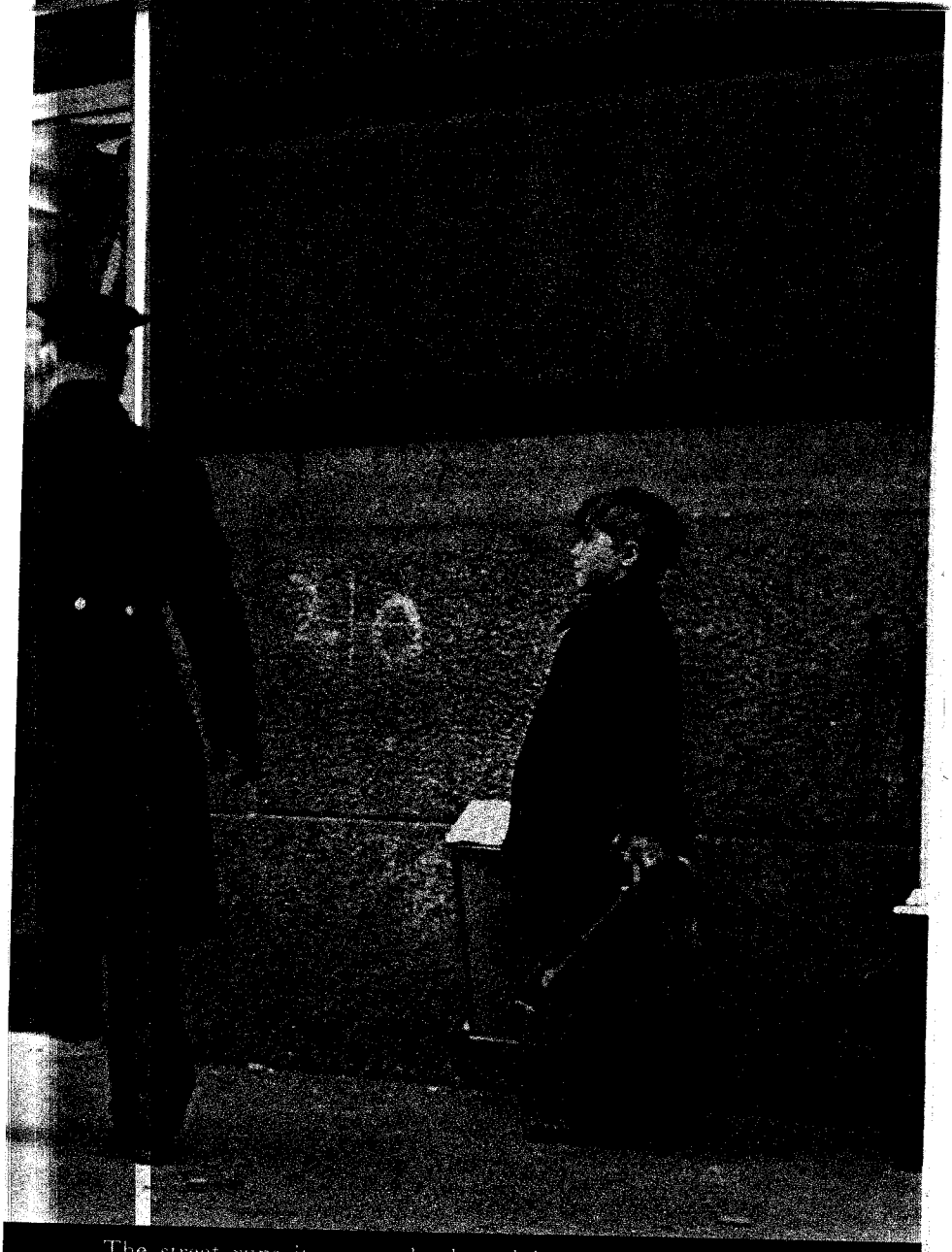

The street runs its own school, and its teachers are strict, but the harshness of its lessons is a preparation for life. The city child learns, as frontier children once did, to walk wary, to look sharp, to bounce back quickly, to face hazards with a stubborn cheerfulness.

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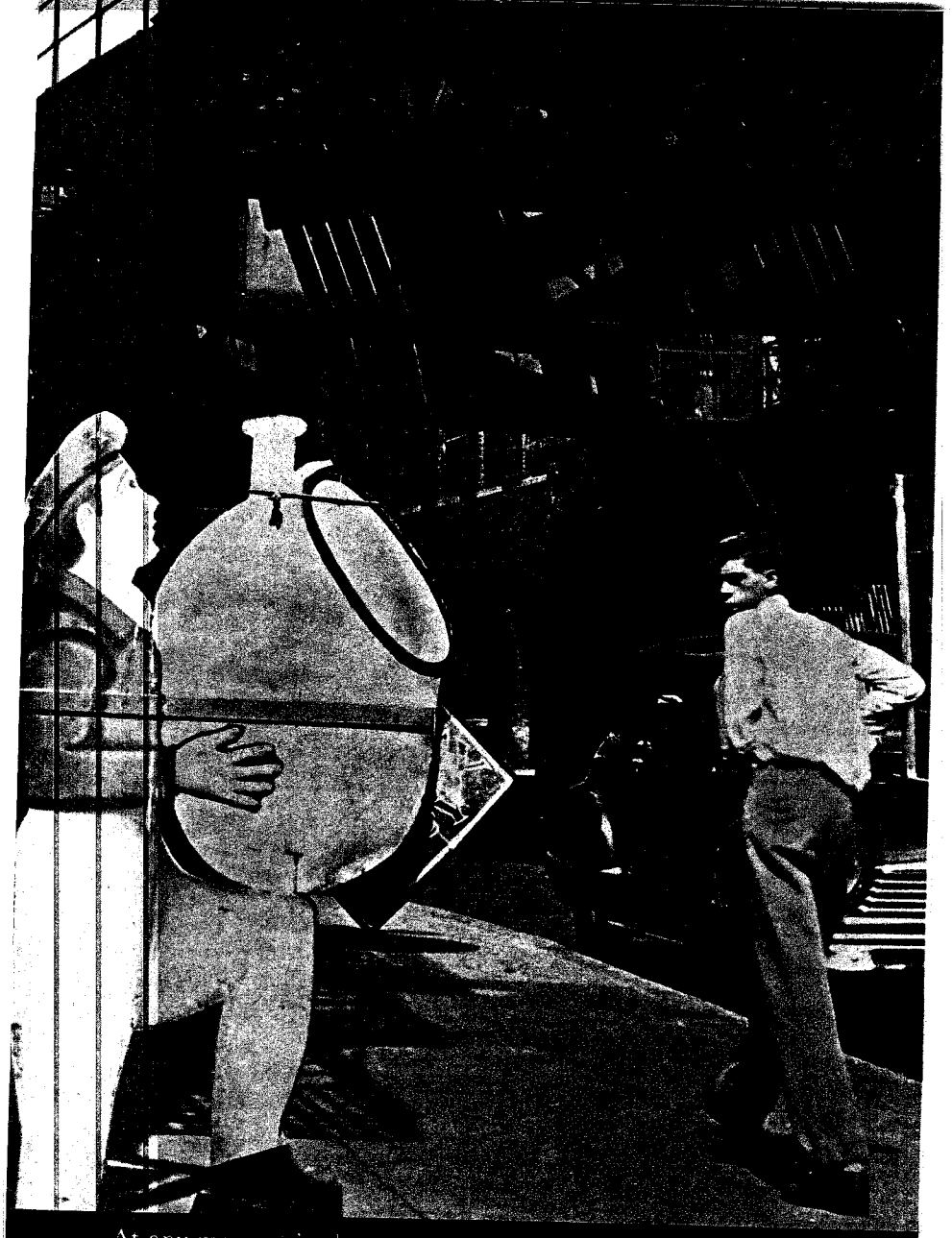

At any moment in the street you may run across a bit of history that has not yet been packed off to the museums. A queer old sign, a cobbled alley, a sagging house—they lie about haphazardly, reminding you of the great parade of life that has passed here, leaving footprints all around.

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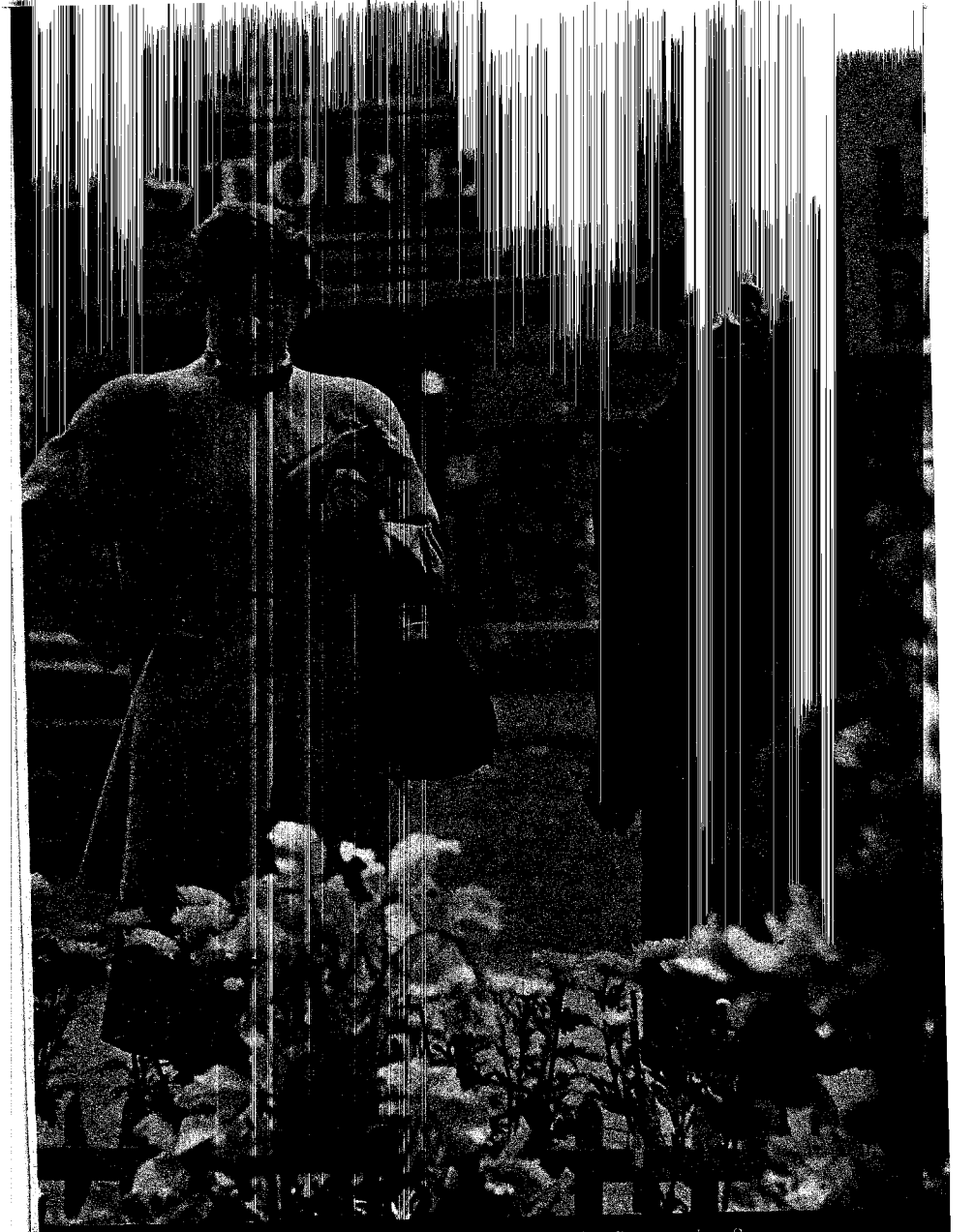

Only the city-bred know how pretty a flower is. Count the flower pots on the window sills. Or watch the people who stop at a florist's window, how they stroke every petal with their eyes. These are the true nature lovers, the wistful gardeners of the street.

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Book Feature

Are Specialists RUINING *Medicine?*

***from the new book,* "ARE THESE OUR DOCTORS?"**

***by* EVELYN BARKINS**

THE PRINCIPLE of specialization is as characteristic of twentieth-century civilization as the A-bomb. Little by little, the dictatorial hand of the experts has already been placed on almost every phase of modern life.

But in medicine alone has the conquest been so thorough. Only in medicine has specialization been carried to such a ridiculous extreme that, from the obstetrician who ties the navel cord, to the pathologist who performs the post mortem, it is apparently considered a mark of arrested development nowadays to be treated by anyone but a recognized specialist. And this unfortunate state of affairs, in turn, has produced serious confusion and costly medical care—two major grievances that neither the profession nor the public can afford to disregard.

Only a comparatively short while ago, the general practitioner, as the family physician, was universally hailed as the cornerstone of medical history. From birth to grave, he was the symbol which represented the highest principles of medical devotion and service.

He was the one who brought to diagnosis and treatment the personal interest and understanding of neighborliness. He was the one who could give, along with pills, prescriptions and pastes, the ease and encouragement that come with long familiarity; who could, therefore, turn to the worried parents of a sick child and say:

"Remember how upset you were when little Mary was three years old and had pneumonia? Well, we pulled her through then, and we'll do it now!"

He was the one who dropped in happily at christenings and weddings, but who always stayed by

From *Are These Our Doctors?* by Evelyn Barkins. Copyright 1952, by the author; and published by Frederick Fell, Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

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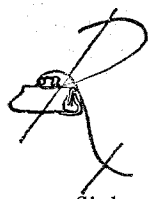

at funerals, also. But rarely is it so today. Unhappily the new vogue is all for specialization, as if a death certificate signed by the appropriate, top-flight demigod were a gilt-edged guarantee of sure passage through the Pearly Gates. Overpaid and over-rated, the medical specialist is as fashionable right now as psychoanalysis.

Today, the general practitioner is in serious danger of becoming the original Vanishing American. And yet, the role of the family doctor in modern society is the same as it has ever been, and as important.

The personal relationship which is peculiarly his and his patients' is still as vital to medical care as any other therapeutic. Nor can the confidence and trust which it invariably breeds ever be duplicated by the impersonalized, comparatively commercialized approach of the specialist.

This is disclosed constantly in the way referred patients, about to be operated on by eminent surgeons, often refuse to consent to any operative procedure or even preparation, until their family physicians are present. In one such case, a busy general practitioner tried hard to explain to his patient why his presence at the surgeon's operation was quite unnecessary.

"You really don't need me now, Jim," he said. "Dr. King is a reputable surgeon, and he's the one who's going to do the job."

"I know," was the patient's revealing reply, "but I don't know much about him, or he about me. I know you. And somehow, if you're there, I just feel certain that everything will be all right."

In general practice, it is not unusual for a physician automatically to deal with the economic and social problems in a situation, as well as the medical ones. Almost every family doctor, after a few years in practice, has behind him a lengthening list of grateful people whom he has helped in more ways than the basic one stipulated in his license to practice.

Only recently, my husband had a case in point. A sweet-faced middle-aged woman, quite poor and with five children, was discovered to be in need of an immediate operation.

"But, Doctor," she practically wept, "I can't afford surgery! Besides, who'll keep the house and children while I'm gone?"

"I know your circumstances," John replied. "Haven't I looked after that clan of yours for years? But your health comes first. Everything else can be managed."

And it was. A few extra phone calls, plus some spare time, and he arranged first with a good social-service agency to take care of the woman's family; then he managed to have her placed on a ward bed, so as to secure the cheapest possible accommodation; and lastly, since he operated himself, he reduced his own fee considerably.

WITHOUT DOUBT, the current tendency to eliminate the family doctor in the medical scheme of things has had innumerable serious consequences. But the breakdown in patient morale, the loss of trust and confidence in the entire profession, and the actual medical dis-

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asters which lurk in the present set-up, are by no means all. Just as significant is the rise of a new grievance against doctors today—a grievance as violent and grave as has ever been hurled at medical men.

"You could die during the night before you can get a doctor to come and help you!"

"Heaven preserve you if you're unlucky and get sick on Sunday!"

That this is a serious charge is beyond anyone's question. That it is more or less a justifiable charge is equally incontrovertible. So much so, that medical associations have frantically organized Emergency Panels in almost every city and state to deal with the situation. But that this charge is an inevitable outcome of Specialist Medicine has thus far been ignored by everyone.

Actually, it can safely be said that people who still have family doctors have no problem getting medical help when they need it. As proof, hundreds of general practitioners whom I have questioned over the years have admitted that, although they may often refuse to answer routine calls on a Sunday or during the night for strangers, they have never refused any type of call, at any hour, that was made by "regular patients."

"One thing I've invariably found," a busy general practitioner said in summation, "whenever a new patient starts complaining about being unable to get a doctor at night or on holidays any more, and I ask, in turn, if she has a regular family physician, the answer is consistently a flat 'No.' And that brief answer is the explanation."

Still, all of the above complaints, serious as they are, are mostly the negative effects of a family-doctorless system. How even more discouraging, therefore, to discover that the direct application of the current Specialist method of procedure has produced an entirely new batch of positive difficulties all its own for the public.

THE FIRST OF THESE is that of choosing the right doctor for the medical job at hand. The importance of this choice, especially in those many cases where delicate techniques or highly skilled surgery are involved, is comparable to any military or political decision made in World War II. Yet the average patient's practical approach to such a momentous personal decision is incomparably amateurish.

Too often, indeed, is the lack of wisdom and caution deploringly shocking! Men and women who pride themselves on their prudence in business matters make a complete about face and contract almost casually for heroic operations. The recommendation of a neighbor, who is invariably unqualified to pass surgical judgment and who invariably exaggerates the seriousness of his operation, is given solemn judicial weight. The measure of local gossip, the brunt of hearsay, the impressiveness of a fee—all these are used to arrive at a crucial choice.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that many such crucial choices turn into terrible mistakes; that money is wasted and lives are unnecessarily lost when doctors thus chosen prove unequal to the intricate tasks involved.

Heaven knows that, although finding the "right doctor for a case"

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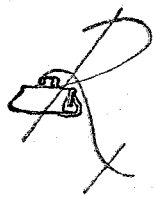

can be like asking a first-grader to solve a simultaneous quadratic equation, still the actual problem of trying to decide exactly in which field of specialization a particular complaint belongs, is the ultimate riddle of them all. Doctors themselves often have an extremely arduous time of it, turning to all kinds of x-rays and laboratory tests for help in arriving at proper conclusions. For the patient, however, to whom this quandary frequently falls under Specialist Medicine, the job is usually impossible.

A man, for instance, suddenly notices that he has difficulty in breathing. Having no family doctor, he must settle for himself the question of which kind of specialist to see. Yet how can he competently do this? The ailment might be nasal; it might be respiratory; it might be allergic; it might be cardiac. As a result, in these cases it is often an unduly long and expensive process of trial and elimination before the final correct diagnosis is determined.

More specifically, I remember the story of Harriet Boyce. Harriet was a high-powered woman publisher with a long, impressive list of high-powered, high-priced specialists at her beck and call. "Nothing But the Best" was her motto; she rattled off topnotch medical names with the pride of an Indian counting scalps.

When I met Harriet, she was just beginning to suffer from headaches and visual disturbances.

"A general practitioner?" she scoffed, when I suggested one. "Nonsense! It's my eyes, and I know the best oculist in the country. Going next week."

Next week, Harriet underwent a complete eye examination by a competent eye man, who found nothing wrong visually, and suggested that her symptoms must be due to an underlying condition that was unfortunately not in his department. Good-by.

If she was in the wrong office, however, what was the right place to go next? While still debating this issue mentally, Harriet began to have spells of nausea and vomiting. "Aha!" she thought immediately, "it's my stomach! An ulcer, I bet. Might have known!"

Whereupon she visited a prominent gastro-enterologist who put her through the works: x-rays, gastric analysis and the like, only to announce, after so much time and money had been spent, that he could find nothing organically wrong with her.

At a loss for a better diagnosis, moreover, he decided she must be suffering from a "nervous stomach," referred to in medical texts as "gastric neurosis."

"Are you tense? Do you worry?" he questioned.

Who doesn't? Especially in the publishing business!

So, at his suggestion, she went to a psychiatrist next, who kept her on his couch, more or less, until her condition became worse and worse and she finally wound up in a hospital.

When she told her story to the admitting doctor there, who was a general physician, he promptly, on consideration of all her complaints, made a tentative diagnosis of cere-

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bral lesion, possible brain tumor, which was confirmed by subsequent neurological tests.

"But why didn't the oculist discover it?" Harriet demanded indignantly.

"Because eye examination will reveal brain tumors only in a small percentage of cases; and these, often, only when very far advanced," was the staff's reply.

"Oh! But what about the stomach man; how did he miss it, too?"

"Because he only ruled out a gastric cause for your vomiting," was the explanation. "He was right as far as his particular specialty was concerned."

"And I suppose a psychiatrist is certainly in no position to recognize a physical ailment even when it hits him between the eyes," Harriet finished. "Seems to me, though," she added thoughtfully, "it's a rotten system that turns out doctors who aren't doctors at all outside their own little fields!"

"That's true enough," was the general conclusion, "but what you really needed is the old-fashioned type of general practitioner. He is the only one who could have correlated all your symptoms into one intelligent diagnosis. Or if not, he would have seen to it, at least, that you reached the proper specialist in the neurological field, instead of wandering around like a blind man trying to see his way out of a mess!"

Eventually, Harriet was more fortunate than many people. Caught in time, and removed, the tumor that could have taken her life is today only an unpleasant memory that she scarcely recalls.

Basically, people want for themselves and their families the highest type of medical care at the lowest possible cost. And that is precisely what they should have, even though the medical profession has temporarily led them astray by fostering specialization beyond its point of diminishing returns.

WHAT IS the highest type of medical care at the lowest possible price? The American Medical Association, an organization run mostly by specialists, has said again and again that 80 to 85 per cent of all illnesses should be treated by general practitioners—whose fees, incidentally, are also the lowest. And this 85 per cent of all illnesses, obviously, has reference to much more than colds, splinters and grippes that are about the sum total many people would permit a general practitioner to handle now.

It includes many operative procedures also, such as incision and drainage of an abscess, tonsillectomy, hemorrhoidectomy, removal of superficial growths, cysts, lipomas and many other operations which are definitely as safe in the hands of a trained general practitioner as in those of any specialist—and at half the specialist's price.

Of course, there are many times when the need for specialist care is of crucial importance, but it should nevertheless be for the general practitioners, with their superior knowledge, to so decide. Certainly, the risk to personal reputations as well as patients' lives can be counted on to keep these gentlemen from ever lightly neglecting to make such decisions when necessary, or from making them when unnecessary.

And as for the specialist-type cases themselves, the cases involving

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complicated surgery, with problem diagnoses and doubtful prognoses—all of these are much better known to the general practitioner than to any layman, and can be more safely and reliably referred by these doctors than by non-professional though well-meaning neighbors.

At the rate we have been going until now, the day will rapidly come when at least 25 doctors will be needed for a thorough physical examination. When and if an accident occurs and 15 physicians are on the spot, there won't be one of them able to help any more than an intelligent Boy Scout, because the injuries don't happen to fall in their particular specialties.

This is the time, therefore, for the public to take stock. This is the time to realize that Specialist Medicine, these past years, has been a sociological flop. Without rendering adequate scientific gain, it has done great harm. It has distorted the role of the general practitioner and the specialist in lay minds, thus causing both economic and professional waste.

It has reduced the human element and dignity in treating patients; and without gaining for them even half a world, it has forfeited the public's soul. It has gravely weakened the relationship between the two groups concerned, and aroused more unfavorable comment than the income tax.

This failure of Specialization should make it obvious to everyone that for good, economical medicine, there is only one answer: a return to the general practitioner. More than this, a return to the general practitioner in his finest, most competent form, as the family doctor.

Every person in the country can have the benefit of modern medicine at moderate cost, as well as the confidence and satisfaction that comes when the doctor is also a long standing friend, by patronizing a family doctor for himself. With this done, and the appropriate relationship established, it will invariably follow that the specialist problem will take care of itself.

When to call consultation, how, whom and why—the family doctor will expertly decide, always ready to take into consideration the facts of the case and the state of mind of the patient and family.

On Choosing a Wife

IF YOU SEE a girl you would like to marry, contrive somehow to watch her peel potatoes. Should she cut the peelings very thick, you know at once that she is extravagant; if she leaves the "eyes" in, she is lazy; if she washes the potatoes once only, she is not as thorough as she ought to be; if she

allows them to burn in the pan, she is careless. Do not marry her, she will never make you happy.

But if you find a girl who knows how to take a potato, peel it, wash it, and boil it, be sure to marry her at once, for she will make you a good and loving wife.

H. L. GEE *Talking In The Garden*
(George Ronald)

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THE UNWANTED PASSENGER

by KATE SMITH

THE LINER wallowed in the North Atlantic as she fought her way through the stormy night toward New York. In a cabin on "A" deck, a man lay rigid in his narrow bunk, not yet afraid, yet too uncertain to be unafraid.

He lay staring through the darkness of his stateroom, trying to determine just what had awakened him. Was it the howling of the storm, the battering of waves against the ship? No, for the wind and waves were no stronger than when he fell off to sleep. There was something else, something he had heard or sensed.

He listened intently. For a moment, then another, he waited. Then the ship rolled heavily and there was no longer any doubt. With a frightening screech, a shadowy hulk detached itself from the wall and hurtled across the cabin, crashing into his bunk.

Just as it hit, the man pushed himself against the wall, then leaped from the bunk and rushed to the cabin door. Fearfully he clawed at the latch. As he fumbled to work it, he glanced over his shoulder—the thing was rushing at him again! Dodging aside, he felt it pass and smash into the wall.

He edged through the darkness toward the wall light. But back and forth the thing pursued him, now silently threatening, now screeching loudly.

Somehow he managed to reach the wall and flood the cabin with light. Then he leaped aside, to turn and face his now visible opponent. It was a heavy upright piano, screeching evilly on its protesting casters!

Once more he sought the door, but as the ship heaved and the piano advanced, he realized he would never have time to fumble the latch free. And he was tiring from this deadly game of tag. How long could he hope to run and dodge?

Watching his chance he tore down a window drape. Cautiously he edged toward the piano, watchful, ready. The ship lurched, the piano skidded to the bunk. Now!

In a flash he was after it. His deft fingers quickly looped the fabric around a leg. Then, as the deck slanted in the other direction, he braced his weight against the hulk and lashed the other end of the drape to the bunk frame.

As the captive vainly heaved against the bonds, he hurried to the door to call the steward, though he needed no help now. For once again—and in a most exceptional way—Ignace J. Paderewski had proved himself master of the piano!

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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TORNADO TRAPPER

by DAVID SURECK

A few moments of whirling terror led him to a lifelong duel with Nature

WHISTLING CHEERFULLY, the boy trotted along behind his father. The grass tickled his bare toes, but eight-year-old Herb Jones didn't mind. It was the first warm day of Spring—"bare-feet" time for farm boys like Herb. Also, tornado time!

Herb listened to the familiar sounds of the Canadian countryside: cattle lowing, chattering birds—peaceful sounds. He listened to himself whistling—louder, louder; he was getting better at it. Then suddenly, the air smelled funny. Gassy.

Though his lips were no longer puckered, the whistling continued. Puzzled, Herb realized that the noise was coming from somewhere else. The cattle stood like statues, heads upraised, ears erect. The birds were silent. Not a blade of grass nor a tree leaf moved.

The whistling increased, growing in the boy's ear into a shrill, screaming sound. Herb's stomach felt queer. "Daddy!" he screamed.

His father turned suddenly. "Dig!" he ordered, dropping to his knees and clawing frantically at the ground. Together they scooped out a shallow foxhole.

Herb dug. He didn't know why. He only knew that something terrible was going to happen, and that his father was as scared as he was. Just in time they plopped into the foxhole, Herb's bare toes protesting against the dry earth.

Now it was on them! The gassy odor—the oppressive air. The sud-

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den intense heat was overwhelming. Now, with a roar like a thousand freight trains rumbling through a tunnel, the tornado hit!

Herb saw a great purple funnel, its top four city blocks wide, swoop in from the horizon, sucking the air from the ground, catapulting farm hands, cattle—and houses, too—hundreds of feet into the air.

Sheets of flame scurried along the ground, burning themselves out against the first barn. Herb's lungs begged for air. Then huge bolts of lightning struck across the sky, each jagged bolt incredibly blue and bright and fierce.

In a few seconds it was over. The top of the purple cloud, moving in an easterly direction, now fanned out like the head of a snake, its slender twisting tail dangling below. The cloud rose and fell, zigzagging an irregular course through the sky. In a moment the sun reappeared, shining peacefully on the destruction below.

Cattle lay in weird positions, their bodies split open. Strewn across the fields were chickens strangely naked, plucked clean of feathers. There was not a window left in the house. Like upturned turtles, cars rested ridiculously on their tops, their wheels still spinning.

In town, a bathtub sat glistening on Main Street. A drinking straw was found propelled through a brick wall. Lampposts leaned in all directions. Buildings were tilted. It looked like a surrealistic drawing.

Now the survivors crawled out of their battered houses, swarmed from their storm cellars, seeking the dead and wounded. There were many.

Through the storm, Herb had clung to the foxhole with his fingers and toes. Now he lay immobile with fear, listening to his father praying beside him. His first breath brought a sob, then another. He screamed hysterically. . . .

That night, Herb dreamed of being sucked up into the vortex of a rapidly whirling twister. He awoke in a sweat, his screams of panic bringing his parents on the run. While his mother soothed the sobbing boy, his father announced his decision.

"We'll move out of here—to some place where tornadoes never come. I'll put the place up for sale."

Soon afterward, they sold their home and bought a piece of land far beyond the reach of tornadoes. But a child doesn't forget easily. There were more nightmares, more sleepless nights. Then, slowly, taut nerves relaxed as Herb found new interests in his lessons.

An elementary teacher remembers Herb as "that curious Jones boy who always wanted to know 'why'. Why the wind blows. Why the sky is blue. Why fire's hot."

His curiosity led him into the study of science. Eventually he earned his doctorate in electrical engineering and in 1946 became a Professor at Oklahoma A. & M. College in Stillwater—center of the tornado country!

Then, in the Spring of 1947 the year's worst twister blasted Woodward, 150 miles away. The tornado roared through the town of 6,000 in 90 seconds. In that brief time, 84 persons were killed and hundreds more hospitalized. Throughout the long night the ambulances screamed and the wind howled.

Matching the fervor of the storm was the terrible struggle which

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raged within Herb Jones. The old panic returned, and he wrestled with the urge to pack up and go back to Canada.

In Woodward, it had been the old story. The tornado had struck without warning. As the first wave of panic abated in Dr. Jones' mind, another idea took its place.

"Why can't tornadoes be forecast?" he wanted to know. "If weather observers could detect and trace other types of storm signals, why not the tornado?" On the following day, he began his great research project.

JONES WAS DEALING with the slugger among Nature's stable of windy scrappers. The cyclone, hurricane and gale wade in, throw punches, hammer away until exhaustion wears down their target through sheer persistence. The tornado, however, sneaks in without warning, throws one mighty haymaker, then slips quickly away to find another vulnerable target.

There were 171 tornadoes that year. In 1948, the total was 190. And 1949 was a banner year with 290 tornadoes.

Dr. Jones studied these reports and then went out scouting for twisters. "I was scared," he admits. "It was like a man with acrophobia washing windows on the Empire State Building."

Separating fact from legend comprised much of his work. Witnesses of a disaster are apt to be hysterical and unreliable. But no myth is as fantastic as bona fide data.

Such as the tornado which picked up a freight locomotive, swirled it around like a straw, then deposited it squarely on adjacent tracks—but heading in the opposite direction.

More than 100 train passengers during another tornado found themselves air-borne for part of the journey. Their heavy steel coach was carried 80 feet in the air, coming to a safe landing in a field. Yet so gentle was this wind that a chicken, thoroughly plucked of all its feathers, lived to cackle about it.

In March, 1948, a tornado hit an Army airfield near Oklahoma City. Damage was heavy. Exactly five days later it returned to mop up the same spot, destroying 84 planes.

Dr. Jones carefully examined all available photographs of twisters in action. He determined that when a tornado hits a building, it wraps itself around the structure, sucking the air out (like an atomic bomb) so that the walls and windows are propelled outward. The building literally explodes.

His dossier bulging with charts, pictures, weather maps, statistics and meteorological data, Jones then set about making sense from it all. Stated simply, a tornado is created by a blanket of hot air hitting cold air. Following the meeting of opposing masses, the warm air rises and the cold descends.

When this happens, a whirling motion begins. The dust sucked up from the earth gives the tornado its dark color. But by this time the damage has been done.

Gradually Dr. Jones uncovered one clue. Tornadoes are always accompanied by lightning. The discharge from tornado lightning, he discovered, is different from that of any other electrical storm. It is brighter, bluer and more vicious.

Here was the break! But how to detect the tornado discharge in

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time? Radar seemed to be the logical instrument for the job.

But Jones found radar to be useless. To radar, a cloud is a cloud. It makes no distinction between a plain everyday cloud and a tornado cloud.

So Jones had to find a more selective instrument. Finally he hit upon the oscilloscope screen—a second cousin to television, except that instead of singers and entertainers, the viewing screen reveals electrical discharges.

This was the first step. A potential tornado, working up steam a mile or so high in the sky, could be detected while still as much as 200 miles away.

But *where* would it hit? That was the next problem that had to be solved. Further experiments with an especially designed directional antenna proved fruitful.

The oscilloscope screen announced the tornado. The antenna traced its course. For the first time, towns in its path could be warned at least a half-hour before the tornado hit, giving the inhabitants sufficient time to reach the safety of their storm cellars.

Today, two oscilloscope sets, built in Oklahoma A. & M.'s own research laboratory, are in service, scanning the skies night and day for the first telltale sign of nature's ill wind, the tornado. One set is at the college, the other is installed in Oklahoma City, 75 miles away.

"Using two sets," Dr. Jones explains, "we can spot the twister and plot its path in short order. By giving folks a few minutes' warning, we enable them to reach safety."

In slightly unscientific terms, one rawboned Oklahoma rancher describes his admiration for Dr. Jones' work as follows: " 'Fore long, he's going to lasso that bucking tornado, brand him, throw a saddle on him, and drive the meanness plumb out of him!"

Such a prediction is probably a bit premature. Yet one of the immediate benefits soon to be shared by millions of other Americans living in the tornado belt is stated by Dr. Jones himself, who says: "Now I sleep peacefully of nights."

Prices! Prices! Prices!

THINGS ARE SO high these days. I hear that even the price of down has gone up. —JACK PAAR

PRICES ARE rising so fast that a dollar saved is 50 cents lost.
—*Optimist Magazine*

DOUGHNUT MAKERS are reported as having decided to reduce the size of the hole from 7/8 to 3/8 of an inch. It's a pleasure in these days of high prices to get less of nothing. —CHARLES M. SIEVERT
(*N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun*)

THE DOCTOR who says you should have pleasant thoughts at meals obviously doesn't know the price of meat. —HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

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Business

A LADY ASKED to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile of them but she was not satisfied. "Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The man brought another pile. "These are the very newest pattern," he said. "You will notice that the edge tends to run all around the border and that the center is in the middle."

"Dear me, yes," said the lady enthusiastically. "I believe I'll take half-a-dozen of those." —HILDA HEYM

INSTEAD OF MARKING DOWN the price of a canned goods item, a Texas grocer pasted two new pennies on the top of each can with Scotch tape. Customers bought them all—fast. —FRANCES RODMAN

A GRIZZLED OIL PROSPECTOR, telling a new acquaintance about some of his more heart-rending experiences, finished with an account of how he sank his last penny in a dry well.

"But was I downhearted or discouraged?" said he. "Not on your life! I washed my face, combed my hair, put on a clean shirt and brushed my shoes. Then I gritted my teeth—and borrowed $25,000 from my brother!" —ANDREW MEREDITH

WHEN A CALIFORNIA HABERDASHER faced loss of business because of remodeling, he pushed his sales 40 per cent above normal with a novel and profitable idea.

For half an hour each day, purchases were "on the house," although customers didn't know which half hour until the following day, when it was drawn from a hat. In two weeks, the haberdasher gave away about $1's worth of suits, shirts and ties for every $20 worth of business he took in. —*Pathfinder*

AT THE ANNUAL SPRING SALES meeting, the vice-president of a large company dramatically got his point across. In the middle of his pep talk he cried, "Get up everybody—look at the bottom of your chair!" Each astonished salesman looked and found a crisp new dollar bill pasted there. Said the V-P: "You can keep the dollar. We just wanted to demonstrate that nowadays, you've got to get out of your chair if you want to make a buck!" —*Tide*

AT THE ENTRANCE to a bookstore in Sweden is a conspicuously displayed pincushion bearing small red and white flags. A visitor makes his choice and pins the flag on his lapel. White indicates: "I'm just browsing." The red flag means: "I'm in a hurry; please try to wait on me soon." —*Publisher's Weekly*

UPON MOVING into a new neighborhood, I took my suit to a man who had just opened a dry cleaning establishment, and who was as much of a newcomer as I. He greeted me with a bright smile and a hearty hello, and promised my suit in a few days.

I went back at the appointed time and met the same warm wel-

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come. As I was about to pay the cleaner, I noticed that his hand was extended toward me, and in the palm was a shiny quarter.

"You left this in your coat pocket," he said with an amiable grin. Surprised, I accepted the coin, mumbled good-by and left, assuring myself that Diogenes' search would have ended right there.

Returning a few days later, I found him busy with another customer to whom he was handing a freshly cleaned suit, and overheard him say, "You left this in your trouser pocket."

The customer took the shiny quarter, thanked him and walked out. The tailor turned to me with a broad smile and explained, "My customer insurance costs me only 25 cents. But I found that it pays a lifetime dividend." —ARTHUR COHEN

A MID-WEST STORE stimulates after-hour sales by means of a tape recorder installed inside the display windows. If a window shopper, strolling by in the evening, desires to order an item on display, he drops a quarter in the slot and dictates the order into a microphone. The 25 cents is refunded when the goods are delivered.

TO MEET COMPETITION from larger rivals, a small independent grocery in Virginia advertises such additional services as: "We weigh babies!" —NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

GUY KIBBEE, the veteran actor, likes to tell about the time he was a book salesman and had about 100 copies of "David Harum" that he couldn't seem to get rid of. "Then I had an inspiration," he says, "and sold them all in a week. What I did was to take a pen and ink, and change the title of each one to "David's Harem." —*TV Guide*

A GREEK philosopher, when entertaining visitors in his office, would say: "Permit me to take notes. What you say is so interesting I do not wish to lose an essential detail." While his guests chatted, he took care of his correspondence.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

"I SUPPOSE," probed the personnel director, "that you and your wife have a joint checking account in the bank?"

"No," answered the new employee, "this is my second wife."

—*Krochler News*

WANDERING BANDS of Hungarian gypsies, who lived on donations from impromptu musical performances, had a unique insurance policy against their own desire to steal. Fellow-clansmen, to prevent the gypsy who passed the hat from appropriating a personal donation, forced him to hold a fly in the hand which was not carrying the hat. Following the collection the fly, still alive, had to be given to the leader. Even the most light-fingered gypsy couldn't achieve the sleight-of-hand that was necessary to steal from the hat without letting the fly escape.

—MARY ALKUS

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A Heartwarming Tale
for Young and Old . . .

THE LITTLEST SNOWMAN

by CHARLES TAZEWELL

ONCE UPON a February, there was a small, lopsided ball of grayish white who was known as The Littlest Snowman! He wasn't as big as other snowmen because he had been made by a very small boy in a very great hurry—and he wasn't as white as other snowmen because every flake in him had fallen through the black soot of smoking neighborhood chimneys!

But The Littlest Snowman wasn't at all sad over his skimpy size or dingy color. He was happy to be a snowman of *any* kind—and to stand by the sidewalk and twinkle at folks with his shiny black eyes made of pieces of coal—to sniff the tingling, frosty air with the round blue marble that was his nose—to smile at anybody and everybody passing by with his merry mouth, made from the cherry-red handle of a broken kitchen spoon!

"Come perch on my old brown hat and rest!" The Littlest Snowman called to the sparrows. "Bury your bones here at my feet and I'll guard them for you!" he promised the dogs. "Rub up against me and I'll take all the snarls out of your fur!" he invited the cats. When they all accepted his friendship, The Littlest Snowman was filled with such a warm glow of happiness and contentment that he almost melted!

There was a deep, very deep secret behind The Littlest Snowman's friendship for all who passed his way. *He was the only snowman in all the town who had a heart!*

True, it was only a candy heart—and it had come out of a penny sack of hearts that had been bought at the grocery—but it was still a real honest-to-goodness heart and the little boy had pressed it into The Littlest Snowman's breast when he had made him! There it beat, underneath the second bottle-top button of The Littlest Snowman's vest,

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and across the heart was printed in red letters, "I Love You Truly!"

Now every night, when all people were fast asleep and the thermometers had struck the magic degree of twelve, all the town's snowmen gathered in the park. None had thought to invite The Littlest Snowman, but he heard their voices tinkling on the icy air, so he sluffed as fast as he could down to the park on his fat little snowy feet to see what was happening.

The Littlest Snowman tiptoed through the park gates and looked around. On one side of the path was a pedestal, with the name "George Washington" cut into the stone. On top of the pedestal was a man on a horse.

"Please excuse me, sir," said The Littlest Snowman in a frosty whisper, "but would you kindly tell me —" and then he saw that he wasn't speaking to a real man at all! It was only a statue!

So The Littlest Snowman sluffed on down the path, and suddenly, around a turn, he came upon another pedestal! This bore the name "Abraham Lincoln"—and on top of the pedestal was a kindly man seated in a chair.

"Pardon me, Mr. Lincoln," said The Littlest Snowman, "but would you be good enough to tell me where—" and then he saw that Mr. Lincoln, too, was a statue!

"Oh, slush!" said The Littlest Snowman, "I'm so glad the others didn't see me make such mistakes! They'd say that my brain was starting to defrost!"

He sluffed on, and soon he saw all the other snowmen. Some of them had drawn a big circle on a drift and were having a dart game, using small icicles for darts. Nine thin snowmen were playing snowball against nine fat snowmen, using a huge icicle for a bat and chunks of ice for bases. Another group had a snowball that was almost as big as The Littlest Snowman, and they were kicking it back and forth in a game of soccer.

The Littlest Snowman was so interested in this game that he came

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much too close. Suddenly one of the players mistook him for the ball and, squealing and squawling, he was kicked up and down the field four times before they even noticed their mistake!

"Well, look what we have here!" cried a snowman with a green muffler and red earmuffs.

"What *are* you, anyway!" asked a snowman with a pipe.

"I'm a snowman!" said The Littlest Snowman. "I am—really!" he cried, when they all laughed at him. "I was made by a little boy named Tommy. And I love him for making me! In fact, although I love him the most, I just love everybody!"

"Ho-ho!" laughed all the snowmen mockingly.

"Don't you know," said the one with the green muffler, "that snowmen can't waste time loving people? We have to have all the fun we can before the weather changes and we melt away!"

"Perhaps," said The Littlest Snowman, "perhaps if I love as much as I know how, I won't ever, ever melt!"

At this, all the snowmen roared with glee and rolled on the ground. "Oh, you'll melt, too!" cried the snowman with the pipe, as soon as he could get his breath. "Just like us, you'll melt away and be gone forever!"

Big tears rolled out of The Littlest Snowman's black coal eyes, ran down on either side of his round blue marble nose, and, falling on the toes of his fat little feet, spattered into frozen stars. "I don't want to melt!" he sobbed. "I want to stay here and love people!"

"Look!" said a snowman, pointing to the sky. "It's getting light!

Quick—we must get back to our front yards!"

"But it can't be morning!" cried another snowman. "See, it's only three by the clock in that tower!"

"The sky is light, but it can't be the sun!" said a third snowman. "I know—it's a fire!"

"A fire! A fire! A horrible, dreadful fire!" yelled all the others, jumping up and down in fear.

"Come on, everyone!" squeaked The Littlest Snowman. "We'd better go and find out where it is!"

"Oh, no!" cried the snowman with the green muffler. "Don't you know what fire does to our snow? We'd all melt away before our time! Hurry, Snowmen!" he called. "Follow me!" And off he ran, with all the other snowmen speeding after him, in the opposite direction of the fire!

The Littlest Snowman sluffed as fast as he could to the entrance to the park. When he got there, he could see that it was the lumber yard that was burning, the large lumber yard that was right by the house of the little boy, Tommy,

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who had so tenderly made him!

"Oh, me! Oh, dear me!" squealed The Littlest Snowman—and he ran to the corner fire-alarm box! But, although he beat upon it with both fists, his snow was too soft to break the glass to pull the handle!

"I know!" cried The Littlest Snowman. "I'll ring the church bell and that will wake everybody!" So off he raced to the church, but when he arrived there, he found he was too small to reach the bell rope! He jumped and he jumped—but the rope was a dreadful two inches beyond his reach!

"What ever will I do?" said The Littlest Snowman in despair, for he could see that flames were now touching the roof of the little boy's house. "Well, there's only one thing I can do!" he cried. So he made snowballs as fast as he could. Then, his arms full, he ran down the street—and through every open bedroom window he threw a snowball! One of the windows was the Mayor's, and the snowball hit the sleeping Mayor square on the nose!

Soon, angry people came running out of their houses to chase The Littlest Snowman, and flying down the street like a comet with a long tail of people, he led them right to the fire!

The roof of the house was now all in flames, and the little boy, Tommy, was in the upstairs window. There wasn't time to wait for the fire engines. The Littlest Snowman held out his arms and called, "Jump, Tommy—I'll catch you!" So Tommy did, and the arms of The Littlest Snowman, from all his running and from the heat of the fire, were so soft that it was just like dropping into a feather bed!

Then the legs of The Littlest Snowman melted to slush and he fell over. "Quick!" called the Mayor. "Give this hero first aid!" So everybody rushed to their refriger-

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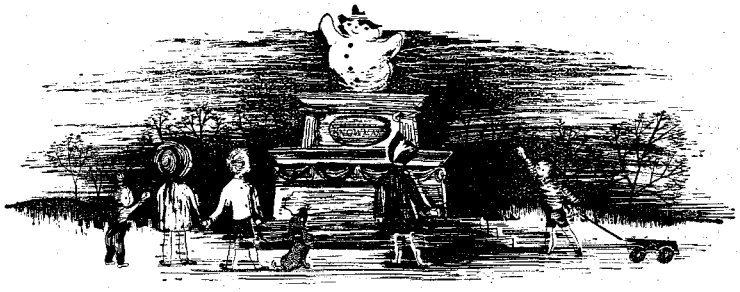
ators and got all the ice cubes and packed them around The Littlest Snowman! Then they called an ambulance and they rushed him off, with motorcycle policemen to clear the way, to the coldest freezer of the ice-cream plant!

Next day, the Mayor made a long speech, and said that the town ought to do something for The Littlest Snowman. And it did. Every citizen gave a nickel, dime or dollar, and they sent for the most famous sculptor. The sculptor worked and worked with his clay, molds and metals—and one fine summer day, the whole town went to the park to see what he had done!

There on a pedestal—just like Washington's and Lincoln's—and cast in bronze so that he could never melt under the hottest sun, was The Littlest Snowman!

There he sits forever, smiling at everyone who passes his way, his candy heart saying: "I Love You Truly . . . Truly . . . Truly . . . Truly . . . The Littlest Snowman."



NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Sex, Society and the Single Woman," by John Laurence

How can the bachelor girl cope with the temptations that beset her? What can she do to achieve happiness under today's moral code? The answers are given in this feature from the challenging new book, "The Single Woman," by an expert on feminine conduct.

"New Weapon against Heart Disease," by Dr. William Kaufman

For years, medicine has tried to find a way of diagnosing heart ailments *before* they occur. At last, success has been achieved. Here, for the first time, CORONET presents the amazing facts about the new ballistocardiograph, a machine which solves this vital problem.

"Stalin Sent Me to Spy School," by Igor Gouzenko

The Soviet Embassy official who broke the notorious Canadian espionage ring tells the inside story of how he was trained in Russia to betray America's atomic scientists. A timely and dramatic story, as revealed by the man who now lives in seclusion, under constant guard of the Mounted Police.

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The Town of Good Samaritans

by ELISA BIALK

THIS IS THE STORY not so much of what happened to one man but of what happened to a town in one man's last hours.

Cynics would scoff if this were fiction. They would say: "Things like that simply don't happen, not in this age of selfishness, opportunism and prejudice."

But the cynics would be wrong. It *did* happen, to Orrie Carson.

It was a balmy day for late January, even in the South. The man driving home to Chicago through Mississippi felt warm to the point of discomfort. He was a pleasant-looking man of medium height, with blond hair and alert brown eyes. When he spoke to others, he flashed an engaging, youthful smile which made him look younger than his early fifties. His name was A. Orrie Carson.

As he drove northward, Carson realized that it was not the temperature which was causing his discomfort. Now there was a pain in his chest, starting dully but sharpening by the minute.

The pain continued to increase with the miles. Carson began to worry, in spite of a natural tendency to disparage his own ailments. He stopped at the next gas station and asked the attendant if there was a doctor nearby.

"Your best bet, sir, is to drive on to Tupelo. It's about 25 miles. There's a good hospital there."

Those 25 miles seemed to be narrowing into an endless light-streaked ribbon before Orrie Carson reached his destination. By the time he pulled up before the large red brick building, he knew he was a sick man.

A halting walk, made with effort, up the white marble steps of the North Mississippi Community Hospital confirmed this knowledge.

As he stepped out of the thin late-winter sunshine into the foyer, he closed his eyes against a wave of nausea. Then, before he could totter, there was a firm balancing hand at his elbow. "This way, sir,"

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a woman's voice said, propelling him toward the nearest chair.

When he opened his eyes, the hospital superintendent, Velma Stewart, was already loosening his tie, unbuttoning his coat. The doctor came, and his examination disclosed what Carson had begun to suspect: he had been stricken by a coronary thrombosis.

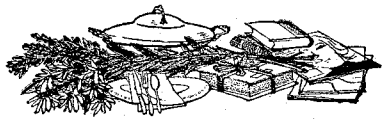
Everyone and everything moved quietly but quickly. A sedative lulled him away from that subconscious fixation that he must get home without delay. Soon he was in bed in a still room, with a nurse reassuringly near. Further reassured by the information that his wife had been notified immediately, he fell asleep.

LILLIAN CARSON had just returned home to Chicago from a trip of her own to California, where she had nursed an ailing sister. When the telegram came from Tupelo, she called the eldest of her three sons. Vernon began to check on quick transportation to Tupelo, nearly 700 miles from Chicago.

Lillian repacked a few things, working subconsciously now because her mind was in the unknown hospital of a strange town called Tupelo. Until an hour ago, she had been completely unaware of Tupelo's existence. Now it encompassed all of her thoughts.

With Vernon, she left Chicago by plane. And as she traveled southward she saw one man's life pass before her—the life of the man she loved best and knew best.

She saw Orrie as a boy growing up in Des Moines, Iowa, and as a young man making his way in Houston, Texas, before coming to



Chicago. He had been a devoted husband and father. Family outings when his sons were little, fishing trips when they were older, formed an integral part of his life. Grateful for his own good fortune, he was always willing to do a little pushing for those to whom the breaks did not seem to come. His Kiwanis Club, his Masonic Lodge, other business and fraternal organizations, had known his exceedingly helpful hand.

He had always remained, in a sense, the small boy he had been when he had listened to his father's Biblical teachings. The precepts of those early lessons had stayed with him. Without talking about it, he had always lived by The Book. Automatically, he had always chosen right from wrong. Automatically, he had always been kindly and tolerant and just. Always, he had believed staunchly in his fellow man.

Now he had come to this, a hospital bed in a strange town, where no one knew of his many kindnesses, where he was a stranger, an anonymous hospital number. . . .

THE SUPERINTENDENT of nurses met her at the hospital door. "We've been expecting you," she said, recognizing a stranger without waiting for identification. There was an unexpected personal note in her voice.

She answered Lillian's unspoken question in her next sentence: "He's

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doing quite well under the circumstances. The examination showed that the coronary was a severe one." At the door she paused to add: "We're glad you're here. He's been asking for you."

Lillian went in. All she could think of, in a grateful flood of tears, was that her husband was alive.

Later, she received word that someone was waiting to see her. "To see me?" she repeated. "Why, I don't know a soul in Tupelo!"

Nevertheless, she went into the corridor where a kindly woman was waiting, a stranger. "You don't know me," she said, "but I know who you are. I'm a member of the woman's board of the hospital."

Then she did something which startled city-bred Lillian Carson. She opened her arms and encompassed her in them with these soothing words: "I just want you to know that you're not alone here. No, indeed; you will find that you have many friends in Tupelo."

To her growing astonishment, this was exactly what Lillian did find. From that moment on, she was seldom alone. The women of the hospital board paid calls on her, so that the hours were not so long. They brought flowers, fruit and candy, magazines and books.

Other townspeople also wanted to help as word got around that a stranger was seriously ill and that his wife had flown from Chicago. They reacted not as members of an organized philanthropic group, but as individuals impelled by a genuine instinct of kindliness. The hospital was on the outskirts of town, and taxis were not always available. At once a private taxi service was organized by a group of new friends, so that Lillian and her son could be driven between the hospital and the hotel at any hour.

Her room was made less like a hotel room by the flowers which were sent her, and by the friendly calls which came to her. Sometimes the calls were from people she had met since coming to Tupelo, sometimes they were from people she did not know at all. They were simply messages of good cheer, reassurances that she must not feel alone in Tupelo, that there were many who cared.

Friends who had been strangers just a few days before cooked tempting dishes and sent meals to the hospital. One woman not only brought Lillian and Orrie their dinner, she brought her best china and linen, so that the elegance might offset hospital austerity.

Nor did the kindnesses stop at physical comforts. One by one, women of the different churches in Tupelo organized groups to pray for the stranger's recovery. Lillian heard of several people who drove to town from as far as fifty miles away to join the services.

Orrie Carson seemed to rally a little. And day by day, his eagerness to go home grew, for he was restive as a patient.

"Not that I'm anxious to leave Tupelo!" he said to his wife. "I've never seen anything like these wonderful people." He smiled at her from his pillow. "I've always told you there were people like this," he reminded. "You never believed it."

At the end of the week, the doctors agreed that Carson might leave for home. That night, when she kissed him good-bye, Lillian said: "I'll be here first thing in the

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morning. If everything is all right, we'll take the early train."

Orrie grinned. "Of course, everything will be all right."

He died during the night.

Early next morning, when Lillian came down to the hotel lobby, several Tupelo friends were waiting for her. They did not tell her of the news which had spread quickly since dawn, but she suspected from their faces what had happened.

When they arrived at the hospital, a large group of people was waiting for her. The women she knew best were among them, but men were there, too—men she recognized as Kiwanians and Masons, representatives of the groups with which her husband had been affiliated. They were there because they wanted to do what they could, and lend whatever comfort their presence might yield.

The women who had come to be closest to Lillian Carson took over with unobtrusive competence. It was they who notified her family and friends, they who took care of newspaper releases, they who handled the many chores which, in Chicago, her own relatives would have fallen heir to.

When her brother arrived from Chicago, he said in bewilderment: "I had expected to find you all alone, Lillian. But everyone here in town seemed to know you, and to be a friend of yours."

"They are friends of mine," she answered. "And of Orrie's. The best part of it is, he knew that."

It was as if a greater force than his own had guided him to that town, where he had been given a demonstration of Christian kindliness which had proved his faith in his fellow man. There in Tupelo, before his death, he had learned that people *were* what he had always believed them to be, and that there was kindliness and unselfishness in the world, after all.

Even after she returned home, Lillian Carson found additional evidence of this vast kindliness. When she unpacked her bags, she found a dozen small tokens of affection. A little handmade sewing kit, homemade cookies, books, other remembrances, were tucked among her possessions by the women who had packed her suitcases.

No cards were attached. As with everything else that had been done for her, no one wanted special acknowledgment. They preferred to be anonymous. Thus did the town of Tupelo take on the personality of an individual—warm, sympathetic, incredibly kind.

"When are you coming back for a visit?" a friend wrote her from Tupelo the other day. "We all want to see you soon, and we have so many things already planned."

That's Hollywood

YOU CAN TELL when summer has come to Hollywood because the girls change from stockinged legs that look bare to bare legs that look stockinged. —SIDNEY SKOLSKY

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TREE OF COURAGE

by GEORGE W. GRUPP

THE SURVEYORS were panting and perspiring on this hot summer afternoon in 1867. They were locating the new route of the Union Pacific Railroad in southeastern Wyoming at an altitude of about 8,000 feet—the highest point of the line on a treeless, barren plain with rolling hills.

Here, to their amazement, the surveyors found in the center of the proposed route, a lone, scrubby, ugly-duckling pine tree which was struggling to live where its seedling had found root in the crevice of a large granite boulder.

There was not another tree in sight. Rooted in a thin layer of soil surrounded by rock, it had stood for at least 20 years, alone and unafraid against sun, wind, drought and blizzard.

Before the arrival of the Union Pacific surveyors, it had seen buffalo and Indians roam about in this desolate Wyoming spot. It had been a witness, too, to the hardships and privations of the wagon trains carrying pioneers westward.

The Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, who called the little pine "Lone Tree," revered it as a symbol of courage and strength. Often they held their ancient tribal rites at the scene, because they believed the tree was endowed with friendly spirits.

At first, the Union Pacific surveyors looked upon the lonely pine as a freak. Then, after one engineer reminded the others that this was a tree sacred to the Indians, their sympathy was awakened. They decided to spare the pine, deflecting the railroad tracks a few yards to the south of it.

The surveyors' action was soon known to the track construction workers who followed on their heels —a brawling band of rough-and-ready Irishmen. It was natural for them to enjoy a good fight. And

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when they saw how the little tree was battling for its life, their sympathy, too, was aroused.

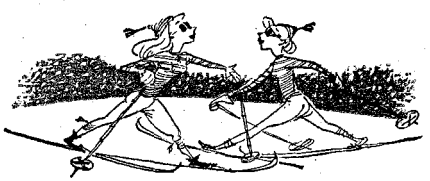
They nursed the pine with tender care, and no construction train failed to stop and water the tree. Later, all Union Pacific freight and passenger trains did the same thing.

To reach the highest point of the line where "Lone Tree" stands, a passenger engine had to puff hard. When it reached the top, it would stop. Then curious passengers were amazed to see the firemen get out to water the little tree.

With such care, the pine flourished and continued its fight for life. With the passing of time, its roots grew strong enough to split the huge granite boulder. Then the Union Pacific placed a steel cable around the rock, enabling it to support the tree until its roots got a firm grip in the soil. And to protect the little pine against souvenir hunters, the railroad built an iron fence around both tree and rock.

Since 1889, when the Union Pacific was rerouted several miles to the south of the original line, "Lone Tree" has had to depend entirely upon the elements for its existence. And in modern times, when a section of Highway No. 30 was laid out adjacent to "Lone Tree," Wyoming authorities built a new iron fence to protect the tree.

Today, a marker stands by the side of the road. Here, passersby pause to pay tribute to a century-old tree that is stunted in size but not in courage and determination.



Comments Sportswise

SKIING IS good for women. It makes them look ten years younger. After a day spent outdoors on skis, a woman of 40 looks like a man about 30. —HERB SHRINER

THE DIFFERENCE between wrestling and dancing, I have discovered, is that some holds are barred in wrestling. —EARL WILSON

AFTER A successful career in Washington, a man retired to the Virginia countryside to become a country gentleman. To show that he belonged, he had taken up fox hunting. His wife was asked whether she approved.

"Well, I don't know about approving," she said, "but it does make life more interesting. I never know which to expect home first any more—my husband or the horse." —HAROLD HELFER

A MAN entered a Texas saloon with a piece of paper in his hand. In reply to a question, he said, "It's a list of the men I can whip."

"Is my name on there?" demanded a broad-shouldered ranchman menacingly.

"Yes."

"Well, you can't whip me."

"Are you right sure?"

"I right sure am."

"Very well," replied the other, "I'll take your name off the list."

—BOYCE HOUSE, *Roundup of Texas Humor* (Naylor Co.)

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Lippmann and his wife visit with the Governor General of India, an old friend.

Walter Lippmann

WALTER LIPPMANN has been an intimate of the great and the near-great for all his adult life. Philosopher William James was his teacher, muckraker Lincoln Steffens, his political mentor. In Paris in 1918, it was Lippmann who explained Woodrow Wilson's 14 Points to Presidents and Prime Ministers—and he has been explaining and clarifying ever since. No fantastic predictions ever break in the staid, patient prose lines of *Today and Tomorrow*. Instead, Lippmann's words convey the portents of Great Events, seasoned by his half-century's proximity to them and crystallized, perhaps, by policy-makers who come to visit the Lippmann home in Washington. Listening in: Governors, Supreme Court Justices and some 40,000,000 other Americans.

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Lunching with Doug Fairbanks. Ruark may be getting ideas or just having fun.

Robert C. Ruark

SINCE HE FIRST joined the "uncorseted press," Bob Ruark's stock-in-trade has been an artful—and sometimes ungrammatical—scorn. His scallywaggery blends Mencken with Runyon, ranges over such hallowed institutions as Southern cooking and baseball, and comes out like this: "We have made the mistake of treating women like people." Yet for all his apparent irreverence, there is an inescapable humanity about Bob Ruark that consistently flavors his columns. Once, writing from safari in Africa, he gave himself away: "None of us felt worthy of the animals and trees . . . I saw vividly the hand of God."

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John Crosby gets a close-up of friends Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes onstage.

John Crosby

ASKED TO WRITE a radio column, John Crosby confessed that radio was *not* one of his favorite pastimes. Now, seven years later, his observations are studied by network presidents. No passionate crusader, Crosby turned a measured prose on silly censorship—"It's closing the doors of imagination." When a quiz show announced a prize of books, he noted caustically, "The supposition that giveaway contestants can read is unwarranted." Sometimes, his criticism is even more pointed. Of a recent Milton Berle show, he wrote simply: "It was lousy." Yet the Crosby cult, 15,000,000 strong, is violently devoted, and convinced that their man is goading radio and TV toward bigger and better things.

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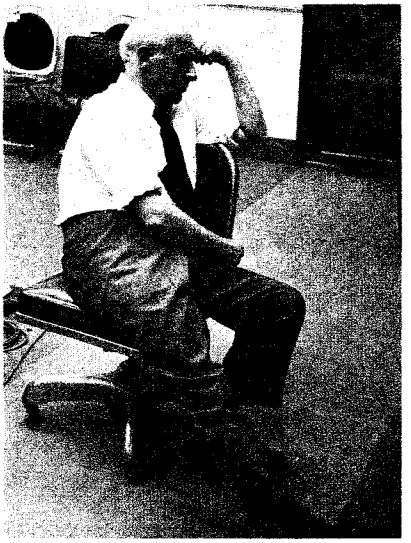
Table 50 is a shrine to which come pilgrims Dinah Shore and Mannie Sacks.

Walter Winchell



WALTER WINCHELL'S breathless sentences are a brash, ever-exciting commentary on the foibles of the famous. Repelled by neutrality, he is an almost perpetual storm center of controversy. He has been quoted more and damned more often than perhaps any man in the U. S. A kind word from Table 50 at the Stork Club—the official Winchell H. Q.—and a faltering Broadway show becomes a hit overnight. It was Winchell who personally turned over Public Enemy Louis Lepke to J. Edgar Hoover. Once, someone suggested Winchell for President, to which Walter replied, "What, and take a pay cut!" He meant: "What, and give up this kingdom!"

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Hedda with Gloria Swanson . . .

Hedda Hopper

HEDDA HOPPER STARTED out to be a movie star, failed and in some unaccountable fashion, wound up as one of the most powerful women in Hollywood. Her column, avidly absorbed by 25,000,000 readers, has been known to start producers trembling and movie fans rushing to the telephone. Her chief asset: the first-name friendship of Hollywood's great which, along with dogged determination, gets her past smoke screens and secretaries in the quest for a story.

. . . and with Spencer Tracy.

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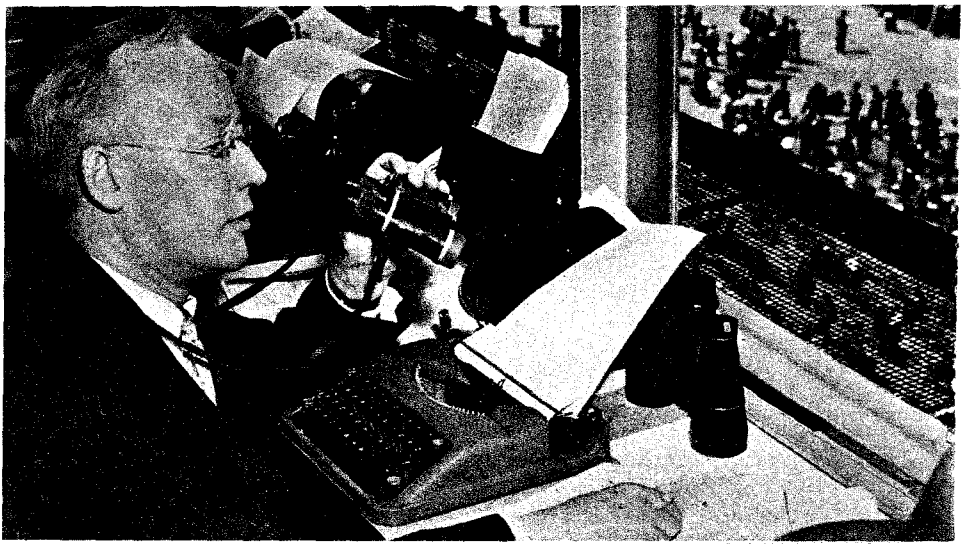

Sportswriting takes Red to bowls, stadiums and racetracks all over the U. S.

Red Smith

"I CAN GET EXCITED during a game," Red Smith said once, "but I always like to remember that it is still a game little boys play." Consequently, followers of the irrepressible redhead have yet to be introduced to their first Peerless Performer or Team of Destiny via his columns. To Red, a base hit is just that, not a bloop, a bingle or a one-base bash. He is, in short, that rarest of creatures, a literate, rational sportswriter. In the trade he is known as a "bleeder," which means that his copy is wrenched from the muse to the accompaniment of paper-crumpling and shrieks of pain. The end result, however, is an easy, astringent flow of skepticism and wit, a masterpiece of camouflage.

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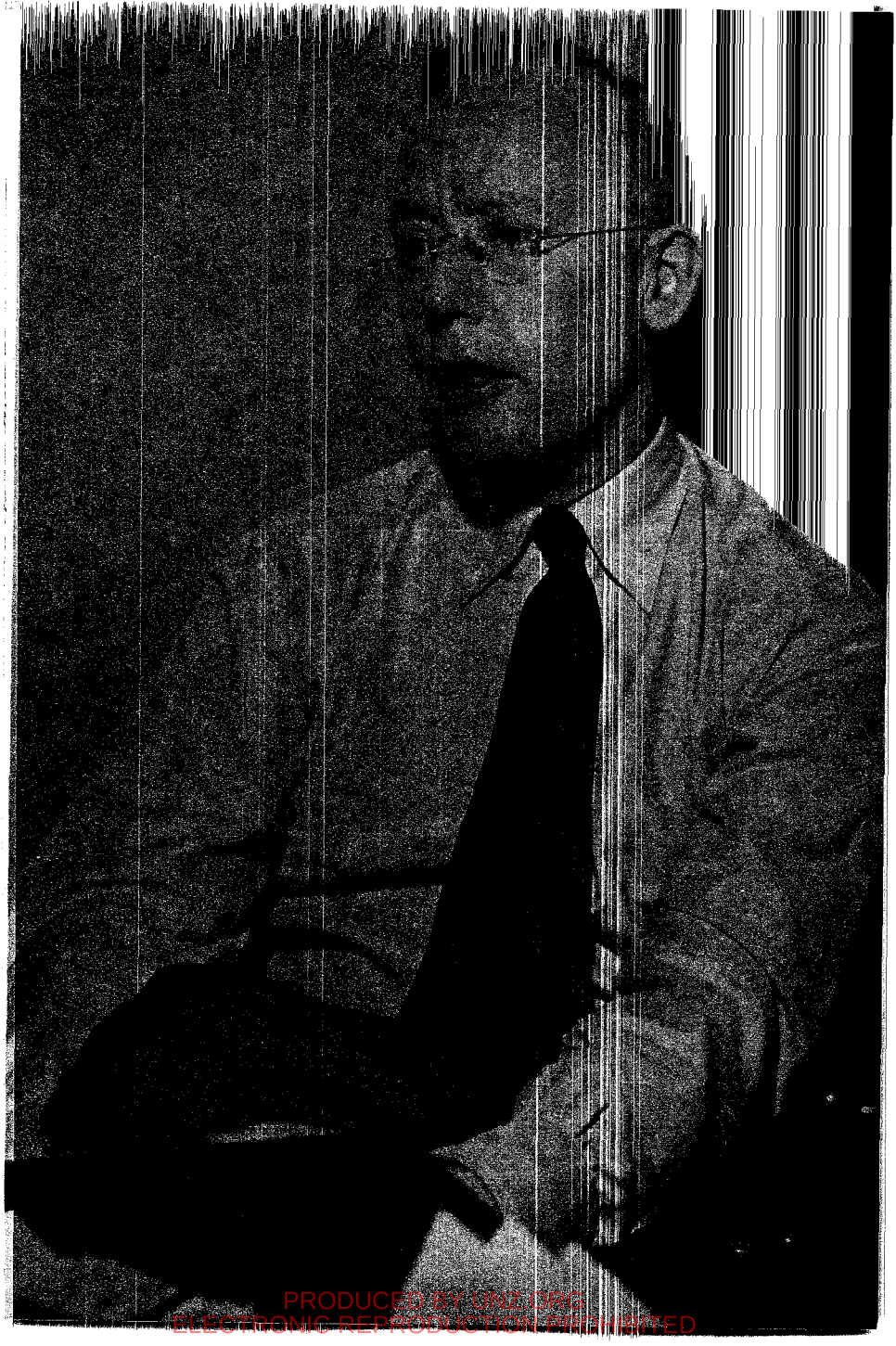

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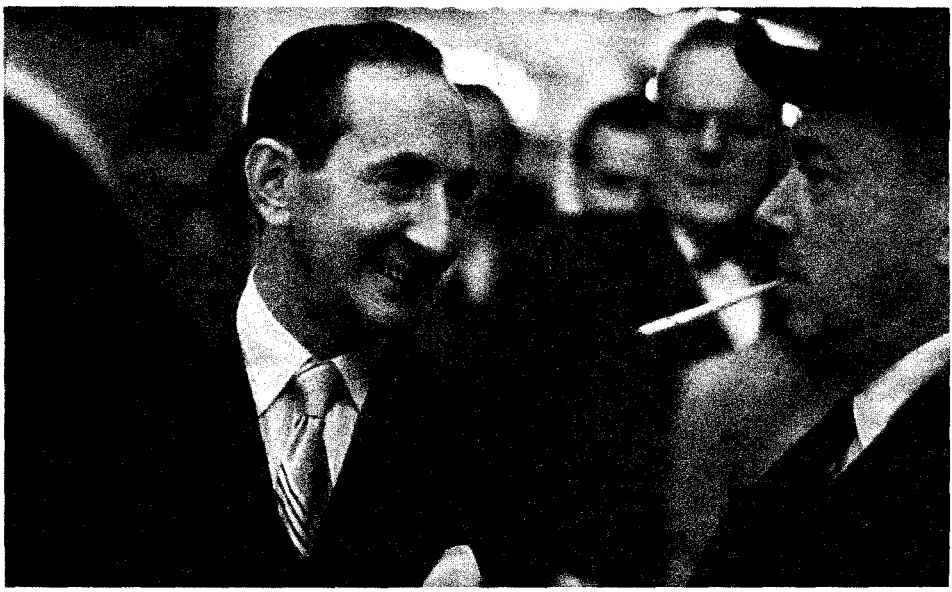

At a first-night, Leonard Lyons and critic George Jean Nathan swap opinions.

Leonard Lyons

ALONG THE BROADWAY beat, where a score of columnists vie for the goriest details of the gaudiest scandals, Leonard Lyons is an anomaly. Not one celebrity has ever come to grief in *The Lyons Den*, with the result that the proprietor of that celebrated corner is the world's most popular columnist among his subjects. Winston Churchill is his friend, as are Harpo Marx and Joe DiMaggio. Once, Lyons walked into Maxim's in Paris as the guest of a man who had lived in France all his life—and Leonard knew more people in the restaurant than did his host. Carl Sandburg once said: "Imagine how much richer American history would be had there been Leonard Lyons in Lincoln's day."

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Occasionally the Alsop brothers are together long enough to be photographed.

Joseph and Stewart Alsop

As THE ONLY brother act in political punditry, Joseph and Stewart Alsop have parlayed pipe lines and flexibility into one of Washington's most readable and reliable sources of information. For years, Joseph wrote a foreign-affairs column from a sleek Washington office. Then he was assigned as an aide to General Chennault just before Pearl Harbor, and "in 24 hours, I discovered I had been writing pure drivel." Captured by the Japanese and repatriated, he vowed he would never again report foreign news without firsthand information. Since that time, *Matter of Fact* has been a "tandem" column, with one of the Alsops always prowling the earth's far corners for news.

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Dear Son...

by NEILL C. WILSON

Many an American father will understand the meaning of this dramatic story

JOHN LOMAX buzzed for Miss Whiting, but when his secretary came in, he sat for minutes without dictating a word. Her sharp pencil waited. Finally he said: "That will be all. Good night, Miss Whiting."

She took up her notebook and withdrew. He sat for an hour, rocking in his swivel chair. The New York harbor spread out, eight stories below. Over on her islet stood the old gal with the torch. "Aunt Libby," he and Johnny used to call her with affectionate irreverence.

The office was insulated against sound, but this was the creeping stillness of a building that has become deserted. A janitress opened his door, saw him there, and mumbled apology.

"I'll be here just a little longer, Mrs. Harris."

He drew some sheets of letterhead—John Lomax & Son, Wool Brokers—from a drawer. He lifted a pen from its socket.

Dear Son . . . .

Two pictures of Johnny were in a standing leather frame on the desk. One was a high-school kid in outsize football togs. A skinny body and a fighting face. The other was a boy in freshly starched dress uniform—a boy of 18, but adult and quietly good-humored.

Dear Son: Well, the wool business and its problems must seem far away to you now . . . .

It seemed remote to John Lomax, too, at this moment. What did the size of the Australian clip matter, or grass conditions on the Wyoming ranges, with Johnny in the service and perhaps right at this moment going into action?

Get to the point, John told himself. Maybe it's already too late; but if it isn't too late, say it. He tore

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up his false start and began again.

Dear Son: Not to beat around the bush, I want to put in a word of fatherly counsel . . . .

The picture of the football player looked at him warily, as if he were a coach about to order a punt when the player wanted to run with the ball. The picture in uniform merely regarded him with comradely amusement.

Now look here, Johnny, thought Lomax, none of this pal stuff. You're a kid of about freshman-in-college age and I'm 54. I served in one war with a rifle and I was an air-raid warden in another, and this is your first brush with life. There's something I want you to know.

What John the elder wanted to say was that there would be frequent calls for volunteers to go on dangerous missions, and it wouldn't do to be too eager-beaver. A man should go ahead firmly with his squad, his platoon, as ordered. But there was no need to try to win the war all by himself.

Johnny, in his leather frame, waited quietly. Lomax Sr. found that he had to refill his pen. He was glad of the delay. For this letter, after two starts, wasn't coming right.

The trouble was, Johnny had been raised to be the kind of a boy every father craves to be parent to—in peacetime. Emphasis on spunk, on responsibility, on unselfishness and willingness to meet emergencies.

John remembered the canoe trip the two, father and son, had taken down the Merrimack River. Johnny was 14. They had tied up above Goffs Falls. A little girl tumbled off the dock. Two people were after her in a flash. When the child was safe ashore, one of the two rescuers, probably a local citizen, stayed to be photographed.

Johnny waved his father to the canoe and they put off fast, Johnny not stopping to dry his clothes until they'd made a couple of miles.

"It was easier to haul her out than give artificial lung-pumping," was all Johnny had said. Which proved, John had thought at the time, that he was doing a pretty good job of boy-rearing.

The pen scratched *Dear Son*, but wasn't getting anywhere. The thing John wanted to say defied him. He shifted his gaze to the photo of the skinny football player. That gave him an idea. He would compare war to football. No player wants to be carried off the field right after the opening whistle, and he's no good to his team if he is. He wants to play every quarter.

Dear Son: Nobody knows what Joe Stalin may pull us into next. The climax may be years off. We must save part of our zeal for that, while hoping it will never come. We may be in this thing for the rest of our lives. . . .

What was John seeking to do? Cancel out everything he had said the day Johnny left: about the business waiting for his return, about Betty waiting, about the fishing cruiser waiting eagerly on its chocks? John crumpled and flung away that sheet, too.

Dusk settled silently over Manhattan. For over 33 years, John Lomax had occupied this office. He

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had started the business when he came home from France. But the harbor down there hadn't changed much. The *Leviathan* had given way to the *Queen Elizabeth*—things like that—and Jersey was smokier. But the ferries, the tugs were still there. And Aunt Libby hadn't changed.

Yet it was not the same world. How much confetti and ticker tape, how many torn telephone books, how many catch phrases had fluttered down those years! Safe for Democracy. Smiles That Make You Happy. Hang the Kaiser. Chicken in Every Pot. Noble Experiment. Buy an Apple. You Can't Do Business with Hitler. Hang Tojo.

What the decades had witnessed!

He tried again, forcing the reluctant pen. *Dear Son: What I want to suggest is, a life is a long time and a wonderful time, if you don't heedlessly throw it away. There are years and years ahead for you, years of fine usefulness.*

But hold it, John Lomax chided himself. This isn't the right tone either. This sounds as if you want him to hide, to consider his own skin first. You can't say that to a boy like Johnny, and you don't want to. Just what are you trying to say? That he should not be too fast, too impulsive about offering himself for the extra-dangerous missions that come up.

"Six men wanted for a hazardous patrol. Some of you may not get back. . . ."

It's only fair to point out to him that he needn't plunge ahead the very first time, nor every time. That it isn't bright to hog all the opportunities, that Old Man Percentage is always there, building up.

But will Johnny wait? No, he won't. And why? Because he thinks he has to try to measure up to something that he thinks *I* am. And how can I set him right about *that*, after all these years?

The guilt was heavy on Lomax. When he came home from his war of 1917-18, he had thrown a certain bauble into a bureau drawer. He was not one to parade his decorations, and Helen didn't understand chest ribbons anyhow. At the time, there wasn't any Johnny. But years later it was Johnny, not Helen, who had found the bright metal and striped ribbon.

"Hey, Dad!" he cried, "you never even told me!"

"Oh, that, Johnny? One of Pershing's aides had a couple left over, so he chucked one to me. . . ."

But Johnny had rejected the explanation. "Okay, Dad. But some day I want the straight story."

Now that medal must be debunked. The pen started again. *Dear Son: The time has come to tell you the straight story about a certain incident. I don't want you to think I was ever a hero or a model for your behavior. The plain fact is, Johnny, I went A. W. O. L. when I should have been headed back for a rest area. I and two other fellows, and the reason for it wasn't very patriotic. We crawled into that chateau to look for cognac.*

None of us had any idea it was a German divisional command post. We got into the cellar, which was dark, and when three Germans came mosying around, Glickbarg and Powell bashed two with bottles and I upped the third into a vat and held him under. I can feel him struggling yet. It wasn't pretty. Then Glickbarg and Powell saw a stair and said they were heading for the kitchens.

That was when I heard another Boche coming. I didn't dare shoot, so I waited

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my chance, and when he'd passed I rammed the mouth of my bottle against the back of his neck. The breath went out of him and he started marching.

We got about six vine rows down the hill when the whole chateau went noisy with shots, and that's why Glickbarg and Powell didn't come back. What I didn't know until we got a whole lot farther was that I had captured a Boche major general.

Johnny, in his picture frame, seemed simply waiting with tolerant amusement for his father to get through, looking straight into Lomax's heart with those cool, direct eyes.

The boys of this generation are old for their years, thought John. Johnny won't go A.W.O.L. and he won't go crawling off after cognac. That's just the trouble—he'll stay and try to be the model son of a so-called hero.

John looked out on the harbor, now darkening. What he saw was Miss Liberty holding up her torch —someone beloved, and in danger.

Mrs. Harris, the janitress, came in again. She was obviously anxious to get done with her work. But when she saw John still there, photographs and paper in front of him, she said, "They come hard, don't they, Mr. Lomax? The letters."

"You have someone in the service, Mrs. Harris?"

"All three of my boys. I pray every night they'll do their duty. We raise them the best we can, and then we say good-by. The rest is up to them."

"I'll be only five minutes more, Mrs. Harris."

Lomax now knew what he would pen, and it would be nothing of any significance. The pictures in the leather frame seemed suddenly more at ease, as if he were saying: Run with the ball if you think you can make it, Johnny Tailback. . . It's your war, Johnny; Pershing and I had ours.

Dear Son, the pen scratched firmly, *Good news at this end. The Australian clip looks large, and we will handle our share. I broke 80 at Rosemont yesterday, using your putter. Betty was over last night and looks lovely. I hope you are getting decent chow. . . .*

Water Cure

ANNA PAVLOVA, incomparable artist of the dance, while rehearsing for her American debut complained petulantly, "Oh, that fountain! It makes too much noise! It distracts me!"

The house manager issued orders and in a twinkling appeared a host of plumbers with rat-tatting hammers and clanking wrenches. Water was turned off, pipes yanked about, water turned on again.

"Madam," the manager placatingly informed the great danseuse, "I don't think you will be further disturbed by the fountain. There was hard water in the pipes. We have substituted soft."

Blissfully satisfied, Pavlova once again became the Dying Swan.

—PHILIP MUIR

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"Hello" Man in Braille

by CAROL BURKE

A FRANTIC HOUSEWIFE in Stamford, Connecticut, picked up the telephone. Unable to locate her husband anywhere, she called his answering service.

"My little girl has just fallen down the porch steps," she gasped. "Her head is badly cut!"

The operator acted quickly and calmly. As he spoke reassuringly to the distraught, almost hysterical mother, his swift fingers dialed the number of a local doctor. Within seconds, help was on the way to the injured child.

Though he saw neither the switchboard nor the dial with which he worked, the operator, C. Rodney Demarest, had not faltered in the emergency. Totally blind since his 18th year, Demarest today heads a thriving business which employs 20 persons and grosses more than $100,000 a year!

When he first lost his sight 13 years ago, Demarest tried one routine job after another. Always he found the work unsatisfying, primarily because there seemed no way to get ahead. Finally he entered secretarial school, where he learned to type and to take Braille shorthand at 120 words a minute. Now, he thought happily, he was ready for a better position.

But for four long months he looked in vain for a job. The answer was always the same: "Sorry, we have no place for you here."

Demarest gradually saw what he had to do—start his own business. In 1946, he borrowed $400 and leased a room in Stamford. There he rented out desk space, acted as public stenographer, and with only six telephones began a telephone-answering service.

At the end of three months the business was still in the red. Here was the moment when many small businesses give up. But Demarest managed to borrow additional funds and stuck to it.

"It didn't occur to me to quit," he remembers now. "I believed I could make a success of it if I kept going, and I did."

By the end of the first year, his optimism and hard work had paid off. Demarest was taking home $60 a week, and his list of clients was increasing rapidly.

Three years ago the answering service had grown to the point

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where Demarest was working with 60 telephones. Although his well-trained sense of hearing unerringly guided his hand to the correct instrument, he had reached his limit of expansion. It was physically impossible for him to reach any more phones from his desk position.

AT THIS POINT, he changed over to switchboard operation. His specially constructed board is arranged in nine banks of ten lines each. When a call comes in, a small metal plate automatically drops to mark its position.

Because each bank has a distinctive ring, Demarest has only to run a finger along one bank until he reaches the plate which has dropped. Braille numbers below each plate identify the line so that he can give the proper greeting.

As he takes each call, Demarest types the message on tape with a Braille shorthand machine, then files it in a special folder for each client. When a client calls in, Demarest empties his folder and reads back the messages as swiftly as a sighted person.

Currently he takes more than 500 calls a day. Among his subscribers are an eye specialist, a deputy sheriff, real estate and insurance agents, exterminators and a diaper service.

One day a manufacturer called frantically. He was trying to reach his consulting engineer. "I have to find him right away," he said. "We're ready to start production on a new line he developed for us, but we've found a last-minute kink that will ruin the job."

Swiftly Demarest called the Stamford railroad station. Within minutes, he knew, the engineer would be vacation-bound and inaccessible for some days. Just as the train was pulling in, the engineer was paged. He postponed his vacation to iron out the wrinkles in the manufacturer's production plan. Thanks to Demarest's quick thinking, the company saved thousands of dollars.

In the near future, Demarest intends to train other blind persons to use his switchboard. With this accomplished, his service will go on a 24-hour basis. Then he will devote his time to working out new ways to expand business.

Already he has bought out a letter-shop company in Stamford, merged it with his own enterprise, and moved to larger quarters. Now he fills large orders for promotional and advertising letters. Some day he hopes to write the copy for the letters as well as print them.

But Demarest does not occupy himself solely with business. When he first became blind, his inclination was to avoid all social contacts. But he fought against this and forced himself to attend parties and concerts and follow his previous pattern of life. In time he learned to be at ease with friends, new and old.

In 1947, he was introduced to Antoinette Bauer, a nurse training at Norwalk Hospital, near Stamford. It wasn't long before they discovered they had many interests in common: music, swimming, and books.

They were married in 1948. Now they live in their own home in Darien with their two sons, C. Rodney, Jr., a blond boy of four, and Creighton Robert, one year old.

Reading is still one of Demarest's favorite hobbies. He reads both in

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Braille and by listening to phonograph records supplied by the Library of Congress.

Last year Demarest ran for election to his community's Town Meeting form of government. At the time he declared: "I feel well qualified to perform the duties of such an office." His townsmen obviously felt the same way, for today Demarest serves them in the capacity of Town Meeting Representative.

From all over the country, appeals have come to him from blind persons interested in starting enterprises like his own. The demand has been such that Demarest is now devoting his spare time to preparing a Braille manual on his methods of operation. When the pamphlet is published, his hard-won knowledge will be readily available to all sightless individuals.

"There," says Demarest emphatically, "lies the true value of my work. My personal experience has proven beyond doubt that blindness is no handicap in this business. Here is the opportunity for a man not only to support himself and his family by his own efforts, but to engage in a challenging field where expansion and increased profits are the reward of ambition."

Subtle Psychology

A HIGH-SCHOOL girl came into the kitchen one morning wearing a gray stocking on one foot and a brilliant red stocking on the other foot. Her father, rather surprised, asked if that was the way the girls at school were dressing. "Well," the daughter said, "they weren't yesterday, but they will tomorrow." —CHARLES L. WALLIS
Treasury of Sermon Illustrations
(Abingdon Cokesbury Press)

THE PRINCIPAL of an Ohio high school thinks he has the TV *vs.* homework problem solved. "Next term," he says, "students will be kept in school 30 minutes longer —studying." —PAUL DENIS

THE WIFE OF A forgetful friend of mine always addresses a postal card to herself and includes it in the pack of letters she gives her husband to mail. If she doesn't receive a card from herself in due time, she knows the letters, forgotten, are still lying in her husband's coat pocket. —JOE SMITH, JR.

RECENTLY a woman in Seattle was brought into court with a black eye. Asked how she got it, she snapped: "I was struck by a gentleman." —EDWARD R. MURROW

"YOUR VOCATIONAL aptitude test indicates," remarked the youth's faculty advisor, "that your best opportunities lie in a field where your father holds an influential position." —*Nuggets*

AN ADVERTISEMENT in a Canadian paper worked wonders recently. It ran: "Millionaire, young, wishes to meet, with a view to marriage, a girl like the heroine in X's novel." In less than 24 hours every copy of the novel in the city bookshops was sold. —*Tales of Hoffman*

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NOAH'S ARK *with Wings*

All sorts of strange but lively cargoes are flown across the Atlantic

by CAPT. RUSSEL J. DICK, *Trans World Airlines, and* DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

"BROTHER, you can have it!" said the mechanic at Orly Field near Paris. "I wouldn't fly the Atlantic with a live gorilla for a million bucks!" He walked away from my plane, shaking his head.

There was no mistake. One of my "passengers" on this trip was a real live gorilla, bound for a New York zoo. The rest, too, were hardly the kind of travelers you would expect to find on a modern airliner.

Some 200 chattering monkeys frisked about in a wire cage. A full-grown cheetah padded back and forth in her metal crate. Next door a Bengal tiger pawed at a piece of food. The manifest also included ten Asiatic myna birds, a French poodle and a GI's pet cat bound for his farm in Indiana.

The menagerie was typical of what a TWA captain can expect when he pilots Noah's Ark on the all-cargo run. He can expect anything to happen, too; and it usually does, all as part of the Ark's unusual service.

Officially, the Ark is Trans World Airline's skyfreighter now serving America, Europe and the Middle East. Virtually it is an airlift that hauls anything and everything across the Atlantic.

Once a week a big craft, loaded with a variety of cargo, roars out

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into the night from Idlewild Airport, her nose pointing toward Gander, Newfoundland. At dawn it is on the ground, taking on fuel for the 1,980-mile over-water Great Circle course to Shannon, Eire.

From Shannon, it hops up and down over what pilots call the "milk run" to Paris, Zurich, Geneva, Milan and Rome, where the all-cargo scheduled operation terminates. Sometimes it goes on to Cairo and even Bombay. Then it turns around and comes home.

Started in 1947, it was the first commercial airline venture into scheduled trans-ocean all-cargo operations, pioneering a new age of commerce in the skies. Because it slashes weeks off ocean ships' crossings, it cuts down on high insurance costs, warehousing expenses and enables goods from halfway around the world to hit a demanding market in a day's time.

Outwardly, the Ark looks the same as any other big four-engined Douglas *Skymaster*. But inside, the comfortable reclining seats have been removed. Instead, tie-down ropes and clamps and special racks line the interior. The walls are bare except for a layer of soundproofing which has proved a tasteful diet for some of the animals aboard. A goat, on one occasion, managed to stick his head through the cage and digested half a cabin wall!

The temperature inside is thermostatically controlled, permitting adjustment for perishables, since rare fruits and vegetables and flowers are commonplace commodities that go by air.

I'll never forget the time I came aboard and saw three 1,000-pound rocket bombs almost blocking the doorway to the pilot's compartment. They were a special rocket-propelled device being sent to America for study.

Halfway across the Atlantic one of the bombs started to come to life. There was a strange whirring noise. Sure we were scared. We didn't know but what the next instant those things would blow us to smithereens.

My copilot made a joke about it, however. "If the damn thing goes off, we'll make history," he cracked. "The first rocket flight across the Atlantic!"

Nothing happened, though. The noise turned out to be just a loose nut in the carrying crate.

The cargo handlers have their anxious moments, too. In Rome, one of the boys came aboard to start unloading. He reached up to grab a piece of rope dangling from a big crate—and froze. Inches away was a cobra's head!

"Snakes!" he screamed and leaped for the door.

Nobody would go near that ship for 24 hours. Finally they sent a zoologist aboard, who located all the reptiles. There were three loose in the cabin, one under some blankets a crew member had stretched out on for a nap.

The Ark carries a crew of five: pilot, copilot, radio operator, relief radio operator, navigator and sometimes a flight attendant to care for the animals aboard. For the most part, pilots and crewmen like the cargo run. You don't have to primp so much. Once in a while it's a relief to fly in your shirtsleeves.

Put it this way: there's never a dissatisfied passenger on the all-freight flight. The only trouble I

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ever had was with a big St. Bernard. He was a playful fellow and we let him loose in the cabin. But the big brute took over the lower bunk in the crew's compartment and wouldn't budge. I had to grab my sack time stretched out on a long box in the cabin that night. I didn't sleep much.

A TRIP on the Ark provides plenty of the weird and fantastic. Imagine, for instance, sitting up there in the cockpit a mile above the ocean with a pack of monkeys loose back in the cabin. That's what happened on one trip.

We had a load of monkeys put on at Cairo. There were also a couple of lion dogs aboard. Everything was fine until we got out over the Atlantic. Then things happened.

The two dogs ate their way through the wire netting which covered their cages. They tore loose the cages of the monkeys and killed several of them.

There was only one thing to do —climb for altitude, and get up high enough so the lack of oxygen would make the dogs and the monkeys senseless. We did and it worked. For hours the whole crew, except those at the controls, was busy cleaning up the mess.

Then there was the strange case of the Swiss Bells. The bells, in special shipping containers, were put aboard at Zurich—thousands of them—in individual Christmas boxes filling half the cabin.

Everything was normal until the boxes suddenly came to life. Nobody knows exactly what happened. Maybe it was a sudden lurch of the aircraft. But all at once the bells started ringing. Imagine—thousands of them—tinkling in unison.

It drove the crew frantic. You couldn't hear your own voice. We had to sit there and take it for hours. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the noise stopped.

There is plenty of humor on these cargo flights, too. On one crossing, a monkey sure made a monkey out of me. He was a very special monkey who had spent a lot of time in a London university, under special observation for his high intelligence.

The little fellow was really smart, and knew it, too. The whole crew had a lot of fun playing with him in the cabin. We'd go back and shake hands with him, get him to do some tricks; then, when it got too cold, we brought him up front in the galley. He was still in the cage but had ripped a hole large enough so that he could stick out a hand and shake with the boys.

I was fixing my lunch when one of the little hands shot out and stole a sandwich off my tray. I moved it over to the other side of the cabin—at least four feet away.

For a moment I turned my back to talk with the navigator. In that instant my entire lunch disappeared. "Smarty" had turned around, stuck out his long tail, stolen it all, and was smacking his lips mischievously.

Today, animals are filling up the fuselage pits on virtually every cargo flight. There is irony in this since a rooster, a duck and a sheep were the first living things to fly in a balloon at Versailles, France, more than a century and a half ago. And from experiments with animals, man has learned many of the secrets of how to live in the sky.

The Ark, of course, carries other things. Shippers like to take to the

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air with valuables. Once I was asked to carry a briefcase aboard and give it "special attention." The case contained a fortune in precious stones. And if you laid all the gold bullion bars end to end that have traveled via skyfreighter, it would probably help pay off a good chunk of the national debt.

Military secrets go by winged freight also. I remember one time an officer came back aboard with a large crate of what he called "secret instruments." He requested that it be put up front where he could guard it during the whole trip. "I've been instructed not to let it out of my sight," he informed us. Naturally, we obliged; but it almost cost us an airplane.

On this trip we headed for the Azores. But when it was time to start spotting the island—nothing. Then a navigational check put us 400 miles off course! Nobody knew what was wrong. But our instruments suddenly were going crazy.

A further check showed that our passenger had moved his crate to make room for a bed. He had pushed it a little far forward—several feet in fact. That was enough for its "secret" contents—electronic parts containing magnets—to raise hob with our compasses. It was lucky we had enough fuel to get back on course.

The Ark is a step in pioneering the whole field of international cargo operations. But to the pilot who takes over its command, it is just plain hard work. Especially when they call up and tell him that he is taking Flight 941 back again—the full round trip. And the dispatcher adds: "It'll be an easy crossing—15,000 lobsters on board . . . we're trying something new."

"Earned $68.32 in just 7 Hours!"

. . . writes Mrs. Paul McClintock

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Unfurled from

Along Broadway

Several Broadway actors decided to needle a visiting movie star. One actor called the star and asked, "May I speak to Jack?" The star said he didn't know any Jack. Fifteen minutes later, another called and inquired for Jack. This went on and on until the star was about ready to scream.

Then the telephone rang again, and a cheerful voice on the other end said, "This is Jack. Are there any messages for me?" —MAXINE KEITH

Celebrity Sidelights

Sid Caesar, the TV star, recalls that only 13 years ago, he was an unemployed saxophone player ushering at the Capitol Theater in New York for $16 a week. "I rose rapidly to doorman, at $18 a week," he says. "But it wasn't so much the money—it was the prestige . . . and the overcoat." —PAUL DENIS

Lauritz Melchior showed up at a party loaded down with decorations and medals. Dazzled by the display, Ernst Lubitsch singled out a colorful medal and asked what it was for.

"Don't tell anyone," whispered Melchior, "but that's something I won in a spaghetti-eating contest."

—ANDREW HECHT, *Hollywood Merry-Go-Round* (Grosset & Dunlap)

About Hollywood

Two movie actors met on Sunset Boulevard and one asked the inevitable: "How are you doing?"

"Haven't worked the past couple of weeks," replied the other.

"That's nothing," scoffed the first, "I haven't worked the past five years! And you know something—I'm beginning to think I ought to get out of this business."

—WENDELL COREY

A much-married glamour star rushed into a movie dress designer's salon and cried, "I'm divorcing my fifth husband and remarrying my first. Does that entitle me to wear a white wedding gown again?"

—ERSKINE JOHNSON (*Photoplay Magazine*)

Quick Quotes

Of course I never talk to strangers—unless they're men. —JOAN DAVIS

I hope some day my son will grow up to be President—of U. S. Steel. —ETHEL MERMAN

Filmland Fables

A movie research expert was struck with a thought one day—did the public ever tire of all those flossy adjectives used in movie advertisements? He went out and questioned people on the streets, asking them: "Would you prefer motion picture advertisements without adjectives?"

"What are adjectives?" was the answer of 39 per cent of the people.

—JERRY P. FLEISHMAN in *Trailer Talk*

In one of his early pictures, Cecil B. DeMille wanted a mob of extras to rush upon a leper in the marketplace, crying "Unclean! Unclean!" The extras were rehearsed as to

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the Show World

action, and then handed mimeographed scripts of their brief utterance. But a typist, cutting the stencil, left out two essential letters. When the cameras began to grind the mob rushed upon the leper, crying, "Uncle! Uncle!" —Don Quinn (*Quote*)

When Corinne Calvet lost a scene in "On the Riviera" to the censors, she was hurt and exclaimed indignantly, "Don't they want people to know I'm a girl?" —Sidney Skolsky

Radio Repeats

My wife bought a new hat with one of those nose veils. Guess she hasn't gotten used to it yet, because she keeps driving into filling stations and asking the attendant to clean the cobwebs off the windshield.

—Don McNeill (ABC)

An actor told Vera Vague that he would be on ABC-TV.

"Why are you spelling?" Vera questioned him. "Are there any children in the room?" —ABC

Asked what three things she would take along if she were to be cast up on a desert island, a little girl gravely informed Art Linkletter, M.C. of the "House Party" program: "I'd like to take along three bobby pins. You see, my hair is not naturally curly and I would like to look as nice as possible when I was rescued." —Jerome Saxon

Tele-Tattle

Concerning some of the shapely, not to say oversized, gals trying for TV success, Bill Stern says: "They can't do a darn thing—but you should see them do it!" —Earl Wilson

As the man was wheeled back into the ward from the operating room, he said happily, "My, I'm glad that's over."

"Don't be too sure," warned the man in the next bed. "When I had mine, they left in a sponge and had to do it all over."

Just then the doctor stuck his head in the door and asked, "Anybody seen my hat?" —Arthur Godfrey

With the Critics

Wanda Hale, critic of the New York *Daily News*, recently reported in a review, "Gene Autry is so rich he does not brand his cattle, he has them engraved." —Irving Hoffman

Airlines

When I was a child we didn't have TV, so the only wrestling we saw was when we hid behind the couch in the parlor. —Bob Hope

The world is full of men who started out helping girls with their homework—and wound up doing their housework. —Groucho Marx

Lady fortune teller: A woman who has put her feminine intuition on a paying basis. —Ronald Colman

I don't think we'll ever have a woman as President. What woman would openly admit that she is 35 years old? —Red Skelton

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To Kirk Douglas . . .

Life Is a "B" Script

by ISOBEL KATLEMAN

FOR EVERY MAN who makes a million in these days of high taxes and higher obstacles, there are a thousand men envying his good fortune. If a motion picture studio should ever film the life story of Kirk Douglas, it would have to read like a "B" script, because it just isn't plausible.

No one, movie goers would say, could rise above those obstacles and become a self-made man. No, it could only happen in the Horatio Alger stories. Yet it can still happen here, and it did. This is how the story goes.

Kirk Douglas was the son of Russian immigrants who came to America in the early 1900's to see if the streets were really paved with gold. He was one of seven children —he has six sisters. They were a poor family. Not poor to the extent that young Kirk couldn't have a bicycle, but poor to the extent that there frequently wasn't enough to eat at home.

The family settled in Amsterdam, New York, and the cupboard was bare for a very long time. Douglas sold newspapers on street corners, ran errands, suffered each and every problem of the small boy in a poverty-stricken household.

But he had a great yearning for education. In shabby clothes, he got through high school with good grades. His teachers insisted that he continue on to college. But it seemed an impossibility. However, everyone knows nothing is really impossible. It just takes a little longer.

Douglas stayed out of school for a year, working to save money for St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. His sisters worked to save money for his education, too. True, they also wanted to continue in school, but felt it more important for the only son in the family to get a college education.

Finally, he had scraped together $160 and made perhaps the most auspicious campus entrance in history. Kirk arrived at St. Lawrence after hitch-hiking all the way, and

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his last hop was taken riding on top of a manure truck. Neither he nor the sniffling onlookers forgot that for a long time.

But he got through school. He waited on tables, he became Intercollegiate Wrestling Champion. He held every odd job imaginable. And he got his A. B., as well as the highest honor a college man can obtain. He was elected president of the student body.

BY THIS TIME, he knew he wanted to become an actor. He descended upon the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and convinced that staid institution to let him study and defer tuition payments until some time when he had money. Again, he had to get outside work to live.

He waited on tables at Schrafft's Restaurant at 82nd and Broadway. He gave dramatic lessons to children at the Greenwich House settlement, in Greenwich Village, for his meals. He trod the wintry streets of Manhattan in a coat which reached his ankles—borrowed by classmate Lauren Bacall from her uncle, to keep the aspiring thespian from freezing to death before he was discovered.

And again, he got through the Academy; he learned to be an actor. He was on his way, he thought. He started to get small roles in Broadway shows. In fact, he was in nine shows. They were all flops.

He would stand in Central Park, alone, and look up at the topmost floor of Hampshire House, watch the twinkling lights and wonder who the people were in the rooms, what they were doing. He vowed he would be in one of those suites some day. If passers-by had read his mind, he would have ended up in Bellevue. Such aspirations, such ambitions!

Meanwhile, classmate Lauren Bacall had been discovered and was in Hollywood. At a dinner party one night, Hal Wallis mentioned he was having casting difficulties for the role of Barbara Stanwyck's husband in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." Miss Bacall told Wallis about the intense young man in New York. And on his next trip East, Wallis went to see Douglas, then appearing on Broadway in "The Wind Is Ninety."

He got the part of Barbara Stanwyck's husband in the film and made an immediate impression on the critics. He was on his way, but this time, it was true. A succession of important films followed, among them, "Letter to Three Wives," "Walls of Jericho," "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Then came *the* picture. A comparatively unknown producer named Stanley Kramer was going to make a boxing film called "Champion." Again, the elements of the "B" script entered Douglas' life.

Kramer wanted a name actor for his movie, an important name. Douglas hadn't yet reached that degree of fame in the Hollywood firmament. But he wanted to play "Midge Kelly." His agents didn't want him to, nor did his friends. And for that matter, Stanley Kramer didn't want him to, either.

It would do his career no good to make a movie for an unimportant producer like Kramer, said the business advisors. Besides, at a major studio at the same time, he was wanted for a co-starring movie with

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three really important names, and for much more money.

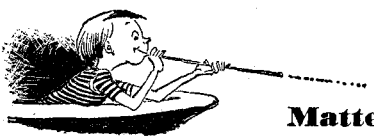
Determination won out. Melodramatically, Douglas saw Kramer and let Kramer see his muscles—those biceps which came from all the wrestling in college, those good strong shoulders and that sound physique. Besides which, Kramer knew he could act.

For a small amount of money—in comparison to his established salary at that time—Douglas got the Midge Kelly role. That did it. Stardom overnight. Front tables at Romanoff's. Fan clubs. Autograph fiends. Parking attendants calling him "Champ."

Since that day, Douglas has gone steadily upward. Established as a competent, brilliant actor, his recent pictures include "The Glass Menagerie," "The Big Trees," "The Big Sky," "Ace in the Hole," "Detective Story." Still to be released is "The Bad and The Beautiful" with Lana Turner for M-G-M; and now he is reunited with Stanley Kramer in "The Juggler," which will be filmed in Israel for Columbia Pictures' release.

Douglas was given a small percentage of "Champion." His first check on the percentage was a few thousand dollars. He telephoned his mother, who still lives in New York State, to tell her about it.

"Ah, this America," she enthused. "I always knew the streets were paved with gold!"



Matters Ministerial

A MINISTER, raising his eyes from the pulpit in the midst of his Sunday morning sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his young son in the balcony pelting the listeners in the pews on the main floor with beans from a bean-shooter. While the minister was trying to gather his wits in order to stop this, the youngster shouted: "You 'tend to your preaching, Paw, I'll keep 'em awake!"

THE NEW MINISTER, visiting the household, was praising the Sunday School record of little Myrtle.

"My child," he said enthusiastically, "I have been talking to your teacher, and she tells me that if you continue to learn your lessons well you will have a Good Conduct card for every Sunday in the year!"

"My!" the child rejoined. "That'll be a whole deck, won't it?"

A YOUNG MINISTER was acting in a community stage presentation in which he was to be shot and had to say: "My God, I am shot!"

However, he objected to saying, "My God," so it was changed to "My goodness, I am shot!"

The man who did the shooting was a bit of a wag and on the night of the play he fired a raspberry from the gun.

"My goodness, I'm shot," cried the young minister, clasping his hand to his heart; then, drawing it away and seeing the red stain on his hand, shouted: "My God, I *am* shot!" —*Wall Street Journal*

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My Favorite Stories

by GARRY MOORE

I have the best gag writers in the world—the public. Over the years, the folks out along the network have been sending me their favorite jokes and I've used lots of them on my radio and TV shows. Here are a few that should give you a chuckle or two.

A MOTHER overheard her small son, age five, offering to explain to his little sister how babies got their tummy buttons. Wondering what alarming information her son had to offer, she decided to eavesdrop and this is what she heard: "You see," said the little boy wisely, "when God finishes making little babies, he lines them all up in a row. Then he walks along in front of them, pokes each one in the tummy with his finger and says, 'you're done . . . you're done . . . and you're done'!"

A HOUSEWIFE was seated at breakfast when she heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her young son returning from play, she called out, "I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you." There was silence for a long moment, then an embarrassed shuffling of feet and finally a strong, masculine voice which said: "I think you ought to know, Madam, that I ain't your regular milkman!"

THREE elderly gentlemen were sitting around the cracker barrel discussing how they would prefer to shuffle off this mortal coil. "When I go, I want to go fast. Like maybe an airplane accident," said the first, a youth in his seventies. "Me, too," said the 80-year-old, "only to make sure it was fast, I think I'd want it to be a jet plane accident." Turning to the third, 93 his last birthday, they said: "What about you, Jeremiah? How'd you like to go?" Jeremiah knew without giving it a second thought. "I'd like," he said, "to be shot . . . by a jealous husband!"

A LITTLE BOY finished his prayers by saying, "And, Dear God, take care of Mommy, take care of Daddy, take care of Baby Sister, and Aunt Jenny and Uncle Jim and Grandma and Grandpa—and, please, God, take care of Yourself, or else we're *all* sunk!"

AN ELDERLY spinster went to see her doctor. Her sleep was being disturbed by dreams of a young man who chased her and chased her and chased her. The doctor gave her some good advice, but in two weeks she was back, looking pale, wan and haggard. She complained: "I'm sleeping fine now, but I do *miss* that young man!"

Garry Moore stars in "The Garry Moore Show," Monday through Friday afternoons, and in "I've Got a Secret," Thursday evenings, both over CBS-TV.

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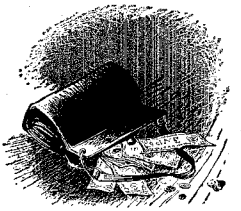
Honesty Pays in Denver

by BLAKE CLARK

A unique club was formed when a boy found a lost wallet, returned it and refused a reward



BIG-HEARTED Art Williams is making honesty popular in Denver. He does it through a unique club for boys and girls; the initiation fee is an honest deed.

It started in October, 1946, when Rodney Poole found a wallet containing $117. Rodney, a slender boy of 12, was an orphan, living at the State Home for Dependent Children. His lucky find was more money than he had ever seen before. He was alone; no one would have been the wiser had he kept it.

But, learning from papers inside the wallet that it belonged to grocer C. D. Cornelison, Rodney returned it to him, refusing a money reward.

The story of the honest orphan touched Williams. A tall, balding man with a genial smile, Williams had not had an easy time himself. Coming to this country as an immigrant boy from Wales, he worked in the daytime and studied nights. After some 20 years of hard work, he was now assistant vice-president of Denver's Central Bank & Trust Company and able to help others.

Clipping Rodney's story, he talked it over next morning with his boss, president Elwood M. Brooks. They agreed that here was a chance to reward honesty and show young people that it pays.

As a result, Rodney became the first member of the Central Bank-Rocky Mountain News Honor Club. He received a gold pin and a year's YMCA membership. Denver newspapers carried the story, along with Williams' offer of a similar membership to any Denver youngster under 15 who found money and returned it to the rightful owner.

Denver's kids broke out with a rash of honesty. They brought in money found lying in the snow, in the sand, by the curbing, in stores, post offices, theaters and buses.

Williams had laid down strict rules. Valuables found and returned had to include currency or coins. "An envelope or wallet containing only checks or bonds or documents means little to a youngster and puts no strain on his honesty," said the banker. "But every child understands money. Turning it back takes real stamina."

Several children who met the test really needed the money they

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SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

Hot...hefty...
and different!

SURPRISE NUTBURGER

Mix ⅔ c. chopped pecans with ½ c. Miracle Sandwich Spread. (Mixing takes only a moment with this creamy spread.) Slice round buns in half. Spread bottom part with nut mixture, top with a Kraft De Luxe Slice of Pasteurized Process American Cheese. Ten minutes before eating time, place in a moderate oven until cheese is melted. Cover with top half. Serve hot with celery strips in carrot rings.

Kraft's famous *one* and *only* Miracle Whip Salad Dressing plus special spicy relishes account for that wonderful, "different" flavor of Miracle Sandwich Spread. Easy spreading, thrifty, too, it's a real joy to use. Try it *soon*.

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handed over. Typical of them was Jim Towery, an 11-year-old Texas boy with a friendly grin who lived in the Denver Orphan's Home while his father was a patient in a sanatorium in nearby Spivak, Colorado. Jim found a pocketbook containing $75 in a theater. With that much money, he could have bought clothes for himself or his father, to say nothing of luxuries that every boy longs for. But he took the purse to the theater manager.

By the end of a year, 75 boys and girls had qualified for the exclusive club. Besides the pin, girls receive $7.50 in a new savings account. Boys, too, may choose the savings account instead of a "Y" membership. Today, the club's continually growing roster numbers some 600. They have found and returned a total of some $25,000.

Club members drew extra dividends from their original investment in honesty. The program committee for Huckleberry Finn Day chose boys and girls from their ranks to run the city as honorary officials.

At a four-hour-long "Back-to-School" picnic at Lakeside Amusement Park, each member received refreshments and a strip of ten tickets, entitling him to rides on the roller coaster. And each year the Central Bank & Trust Company is host to a Christmas dinner for them, attended by guests of honor such as the Governor of Colorado and the Mayor of Denver.

The best reward of all, however, remains a clear conscience—the feeling a youngster gets for doing the right thing. "Sometimes, being honest pays off in material things," says 15-year-old Janie Watkins. "Usually, though, the reward is another person's trust in me, along with the feeling of being right with the world."

In 1949, Denverites awarded big Art Williams a cup for the one who had done most for the youth of Denver. One of the club's best boosters is Juvenile Court Judge Philip B. Gilliam.

"We dramatize too many bad youngsters in the movies, on the radio and in the papers," he said after the organization's first year. "This club makes heroes and heroines of good boys and girls. It's positive instead of negative. Juvenile delinquency has decreased 30 per cent in the last year in Denver, and I think the Honor Club has been a very important factor."

Troubled Trios

(Answers to quiz on page 35)

1. John Alden; 2. Tinker Bell; 3. Brom Bones; 4. Queen Maria; 5. Mr. Barrett; 6. Mrs. Danvers; 7. Lady Capulet; 8. Javotte; 9. Escamillo; 10. Rhett Butler; 11. Catherine of Aragon; 12. King Arthur; 13. Bertha Mason; 14. Ptolemy; 15. Roger Chillingworth; 16. Cousin Scragg; 17. Blanche Du Bois; 18. Peneus; 19. Mrs. Davidson; 20. Menelaus; 21. Valentine; 22. Zeena; 23. Amphitryon; 24. Lord Darnley; 25. Henry Ashton; 26. Harriet Westbrook; 27. King Mark; 28. Amneris; 29. Pandora.

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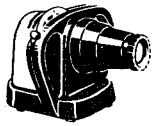

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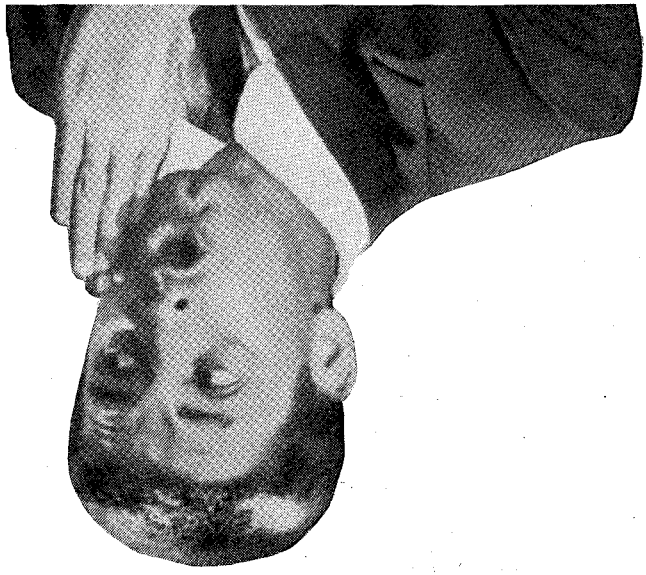

"Ah Dean . . . Quit making fun of me . . . I'm not "The Thing"! I'm a prolific connoisseur of Amplitude Modulation Buffoonery and the top star of THE DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS SHOW that millions of my relatives enjoy each Tuesday night on NBC RADIO! So there . . . too!"

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Want to Make a Good Impression?

by LEE GRAHAM

It's a skill anyone can acquire; here are some simple rules to get you started

THE ELDERLY, shabbily dressed woman stepped into an interior decorator's shop to get out of the rain. All the clerks ignored her—except one young man, who asked if he might help.

"No," she said, "I'm just looking around, waiting for the rain to let up a bit.

Instead of walking away, as most clerks would have done, he stayed to chat with her. When she was ready to leave, he gave her his card, escorted her to the street, and put her into a cab.

A week later, the elderly woman phoned and gave the young clerk an order amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Andrew Carnegie had been so impressed by his courtesy that she wanted him to go to Scotland to help her furnish her Skibo Castle.

A rare coincidence, you say? A thing like that couldn't happen to you? Don't be too sure. The impression you make when you meet a new person can be a turning point in your life, too. It can lead to a better job, a valuable friendship, even a happy marriage.

That man you are introduced to at the golf club, for instance, may remember you when a top position is open in his firm. That stranger you smile to on the bus may become the friend you always hoped to have. Your meeting with that good-looking bachelor at a summer hotel may develop into romance and marriage. These are not fantastic daydreams. They happen every-day—to folks who know how to make that good first impression.

Of course, you may say, "I'm sorry—but people have to get to know me to like me." If that is true, you may be out of luck in a world where most of us make snap judgments about others and seldom bother to correct them.

You may be a fine, interesting person, one well worth knowing, but you have to register these facts with jet-plane speed. Otherwise, you may lose out to someone with more ability to put his best foot forward immediately.

Fortunately, making a wonderful first impression is not a matter of mysterious magnetism or of "getting a break." It is a skill that anyone can acquire. The significant clue is simply this: *don't try too hard.* Sit back and let the other fellow try to impress you. Exerting too much effort—not too little—is what drives others away.

Three of the deadliest, most self-defeating forms of trying much too

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What Are They Watching?

These fascinated children are watching a teaching film on subtraction. Amazing? Not at all. For subtraction *does* become fascinating when it is presented in personal terms—like the story of Billy, who must decide if he will have enough money to buy a baseball after purchasing paints and a bat.

Subtraction Is Easy—the Coronet film the children are watching—is typical of all modern instructional sound motion pictures. For today's teaching films, presented in dramatic story form, add impact to the subject being taught. Leading educators work closely with busy production crews to make sure the *right* ideas are being expressed in the *right* way for the *right* audience. The result: movies that create interest . . . encourage learning . . . stimulate discussion.

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hard to create a favorable first impression are these:

1. *Facial expression.* John Robert Powers, head of a top modeling agency, says: "Careful grooming and the right clothes count a great deal in attractiveness. But the most important thing a person can wear is the expression on his face." Despite this, many people go through life looking gloomy or sullen—and wonder why they have no friends.

But worse than the grumpy-faced people are those who think excessive facial animation is a sign of "personality." Whenever they meet someone new, their faces work overtime: they wink, pout, purse their lips, arch their eyebrows, cock their heads. To watch them at their mugging for more than a few minutes becomes exhausting.

On the other hand, a "dead-pan" expression is just as disastrous. To make a good impression, relax and let your face mirror the thoughts and emotions of the other person.

2. *Conversation.* Many years ago, Epictetus, the philosopher, wrote: "Nature has given to man one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak." What a pity that more people don't make a note of this! Instead, in their frantic efforts to create a dazzling impression, they talk excessively, forgetting that conversation means an exchange of ideas. Having met such people once, no one looks forward to meeting them again.

Another type of conversational bore is the fellow who fancies himself a comedian. He has an unlimited fund of jokes which he draws upon whenever he is introduced to anyone. Although a funny story may break the ice between two persons, an endless volley of jokes becomes a strain. If the comedian would smile himself instead of trying so hard to make the other person smile, how much more attractive his personality would be.

Perhaps the most misguided kind of conversationalist is the fellow who parades his education. He has spent four years at college—and he is not going to let anyone forget it. He never uses a short word if he can use a long one. He always resorts to quotations in foreign languages. And he is forever correcting other people's pronunciation.

He thinks that a showy intellect wins respect. Actually he is winning only the hostility of others.

3. *Emotional attitude.* Since your behavior is the outward expression of your inner feelings, it is most important that your emotional attitude be normal. You do not have to feel exactly like the next fellow, but it is wise to cultivate a point of view which does not go to extremes.

One example of the extremist is the perfectionist who approves of nothing unless it is exactly the way he thinks it should be. And he is frank to the point of rudeness in expressing opinions. If the weather is nasty, he will be sure to complain about it. If another person is homely or not-too-bright, he is the first to comment. His standards are so lofty that he is hypercritical, and therefore unpleasant to be with.

Another kind of extremist is the "low ego" individual—the man or woman who has an exceedingly poor opinion of him or herself. Unlike a well-adjusted person who feels inferior only occasionally, this type feels inferior all the time. He

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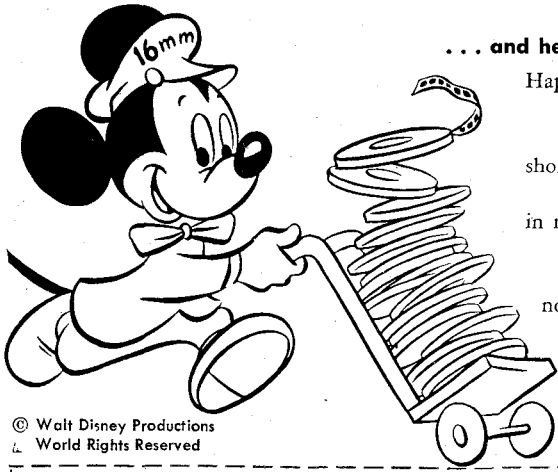

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is constantly apologizing, pointing out his faults, and making disparaging remarks about himself. He acts, in general, as if he isn't worth knowing—and after a while, people take his word for it and ignore or consciously avoid him.

The shortest cut to improving personal relationships is, in essence, to like yourself and to know your own worth. Here are a few suggestions to help you make that wonderful first impression:

1. Don't underestimate any new person you meet. Remember the story about Mrs. Carnegie.

2. Your appeal is to the eyes and ears of the other person. Without overdoing it, watch your speech and grooming.

3. If you are at a loss to open a conversation with someone, try making a remark which seems to pertain to the other fellow's interest.

4. Be friendly. Remember that the other person is also eager to be liked and eager to make a good impression.

5. Don't call attention to your own faults (or virtues either) or the faults of others.

6. Meet different types of people and vary your experiences. A broader horizon is a sure-fire way to becoming more interesting.

7. Believe that you are really worth meeting and knowing, and you will be.

8. The smile you can elicit with your own warm, sincere smile comes from depths that telling a joke cannot reach.

Finally, imagine the sort of person who could instantly arouse your interest, sustain it, and leave you with a desire to see him again.

Are you that person now? If not, you *can* be.

With the Shaggy Set

A MAN SAT in a strange poker game and noticed that a dog was playing. As he watched, the dog drew three cards, held them between the toes of one paw and raised the ante with the other paw.

"Why," said the newcomer, amazed, "that's the greatest thing I ever saw a dog do—actually play poker."

"Aw," replied the dog's owner, "he's not so good. Every time he gets a good hand he wags his tail." —ROBERT SYLVESTER (*N. Y. Sunday News*)

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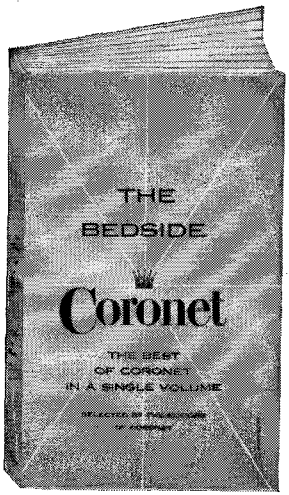

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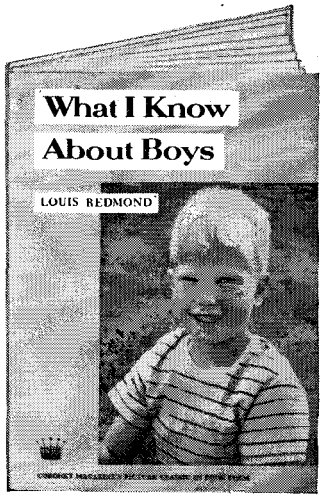

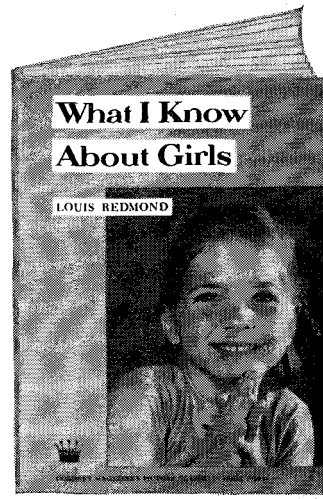

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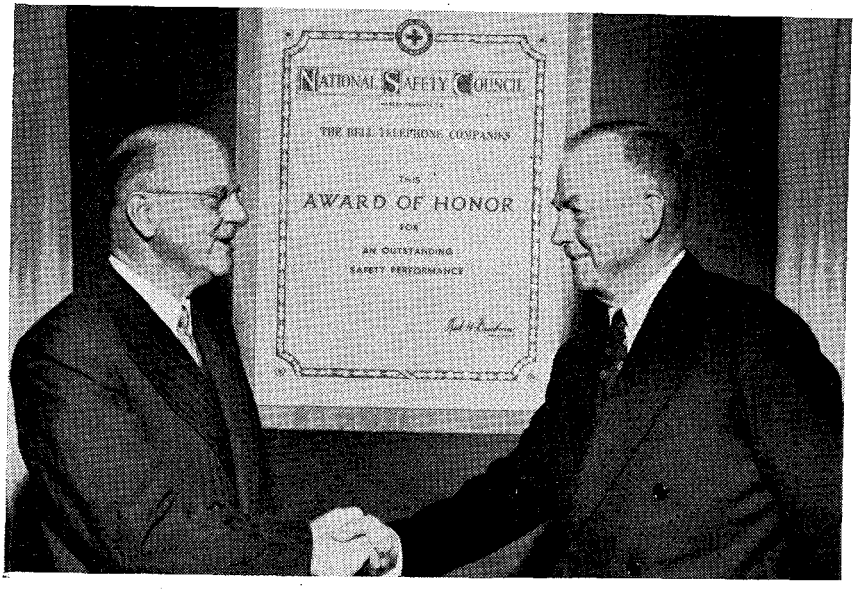

Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, presenting the Award of Honor to Cleo F. Craig, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

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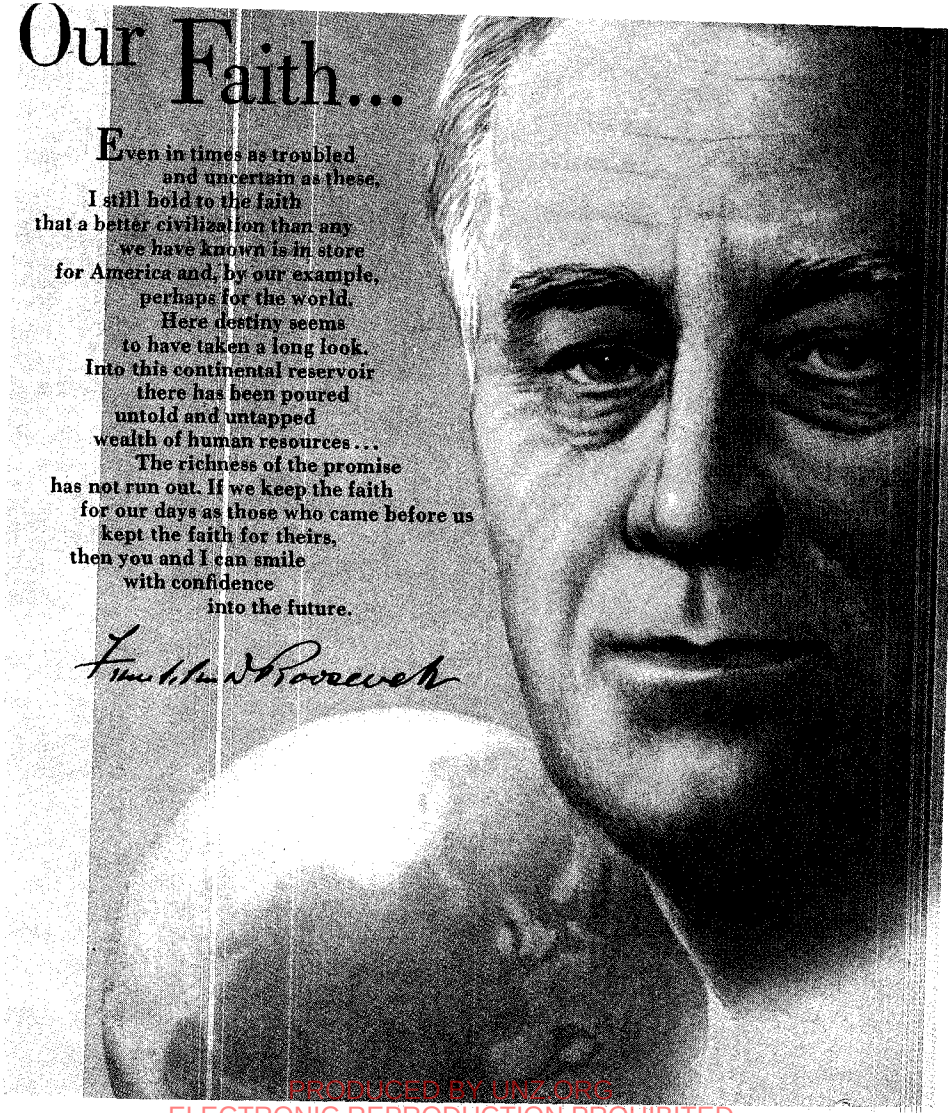

Even in times as troubled
and uncertain as these,
I still hold to the faith
that a better civilization than any
we *have* known is in store
for America and, by our example,
perhaps for the world.
Here destiny seems
to have taken a long look.
Into this continental reservoir
there has been poured
untold and untapped
wealth of human resources . . .
The richness of the promise
has not run out. If we keep the faith
for our days as those who came before us
kept the faith for theirs,
then you and I can smile
with confidence
into the future.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

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